JAPAN'S NEW THREAT *TO THE* UNITED STATES

BY COUNT ILYA TOLSTOY

DEC. 3, 1932

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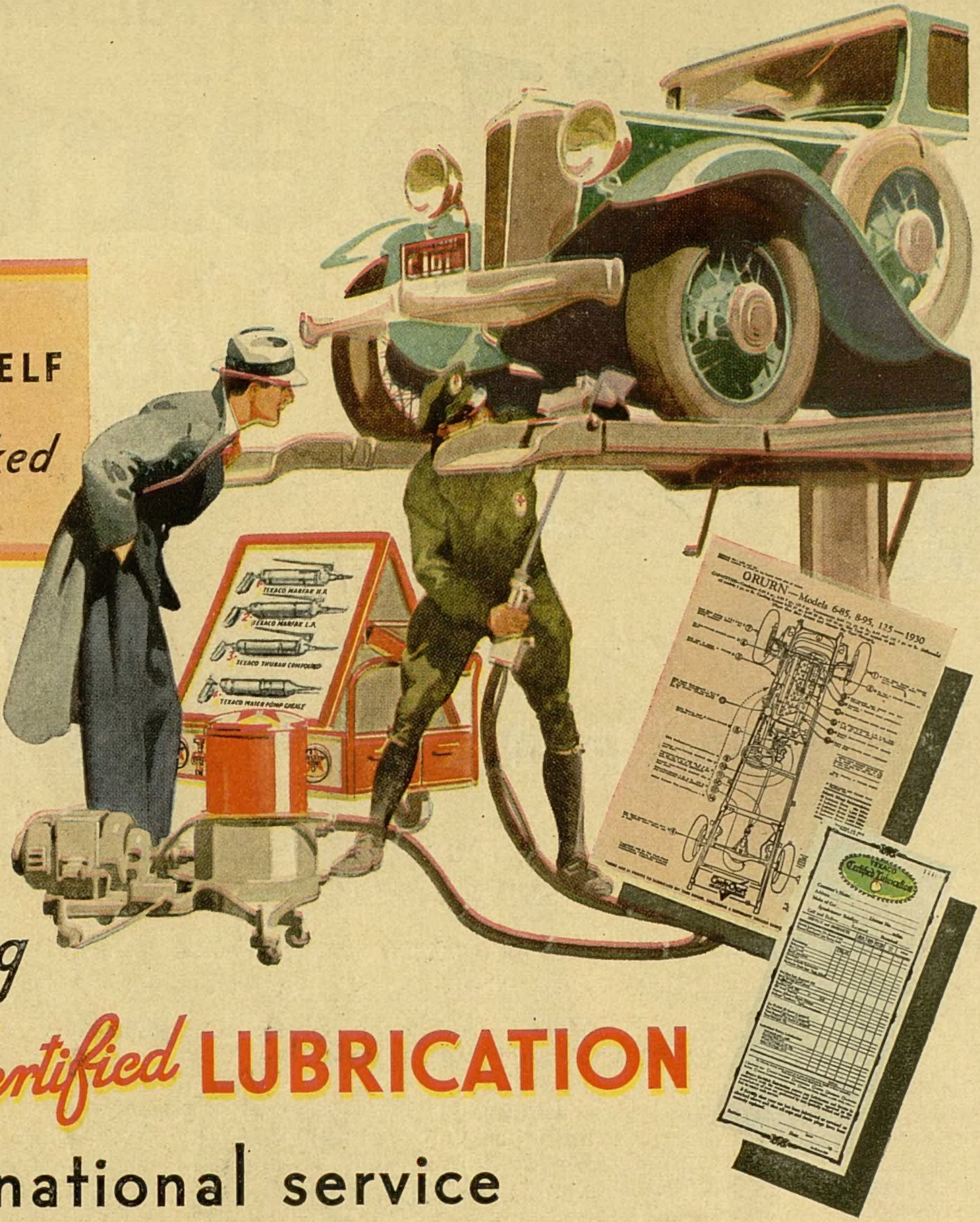
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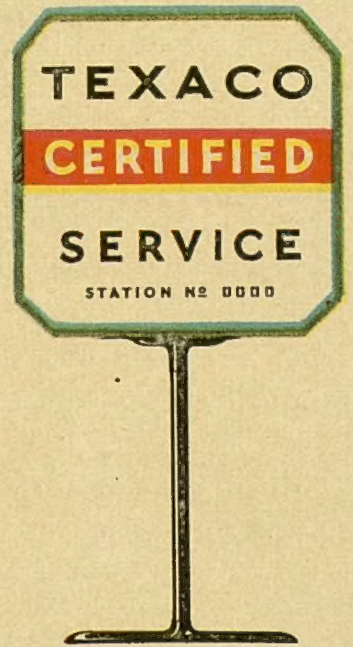
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Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly

DECEMBER 3, 1932 VOL. 9, NO. 49

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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Cover by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

WE BELIEVE IN CANADA

Is it possible for anyone not to believe in Canada?

During these recent hectic years Canada has been spotlighted in many major rôles upon the international stage. In each instance she has earned the respect of the world.

Fourteen years ago a myriad bugles sounded the glad anthem of peace over Flanders' bloody arena. It marked the end of war. But it also marked the beginning of Canada's new greatness.

The Canadian Expeditionary Force had left in its wake a deathless trail of glory. Woven into its enduring texture were the golden threads of an indomitable spirit that refused to admit defeat.

This same indomitable spirit of courage has been Canada's priceless heritage—a birthright bestowed on the mother country by her hero sons.

Throughout the war this spirit concentrated all Canada's bravest traditions in a single generation. But it found its finest expression during the difficult days which followed peace. The eras of reconstruction and of depression, which spelled fear and chaos for other nations of a less rugged morale, merely emphasized the value of Canada's great heritage.

One cannot appraise Canada's progress during these postwar years solely in terms of economic equations. Back of each achievement have been inspirations and aspirations shaped into being by the living will of her heroic dead.

Canada is no longer a mere ribbon of population from coast to coast, numerically no larger than Greater London. She rightly stands in the front rank of world powers.

Canada is no longer a geographically vast territory isolated from the rest of the world. The substantial total of 44,620,736 persons crossed the border between Canada and the United States in 1930, according to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics.

Canada no longer ranks as a minor manufacturing unit in world markets. In 1930 she became second in importance as a manufacturing country in the British Empire. During the past twenty years the gross value of her manufactured products has increased by the amazing total of $2,062,000,000. There are 24,020 plants in Canada employing 644,439 persons and representing a capital investment of $5,203,316,760.

The sophisticated Canadian shopper need no longer gratify buying whims in Paris, London, or New York. Canadian department stores are ranked among the world's greatest. In Toronto, a city of 631,000 population, the annual retail-store volume reaches the astounding total of $400,000,000.

Canada no longer confines her exports to a few commodities in limited markets. At the end of 1931 she held fifth position among all countries in volume of exports. Her products reach practically every country on the face of the globe.

Canada has become the source of envy and admiration in her honest, forthright methods of law enforcement. Her nonpolitical judiciary metes out justice swiftly and surely. And in her hall of fame are the glorious annals of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—the finest tradition serving any law-enforcement agency in the world.

The foreign investor believes in Canada—believes in her to the extent of over six billion dollars invested capital. The United States investor, in particular, believes in Canada to the extent of $3,726,745,000—almost two thirds of the foreign investments in the Dominion.

Canada's accolade of complete acceptance as a ranking world power was bestowed at the Imperial Economic Conference in Ottawa. Evidence of world-wide interest in the parley was indicated in the fact that over three million words in press dispatches were telegraphed and cabled to all parts of the world.

Liberty, believing in Canada's present and future greatness, has become more closely identified with its people. For six months Liberty has been printed and distributed in Canada by Canadians.

Over 3,100 people in the Dominion at the present time are earning a means of livelihood through the production and sale of Liberty in Canada. We are proud of the fact that Liberty is now part of the family circle in 169,500 Canadian homes where it is read each week.

Yes, we believe in Canada. And we are happy to know that Canada believes in Liberty.

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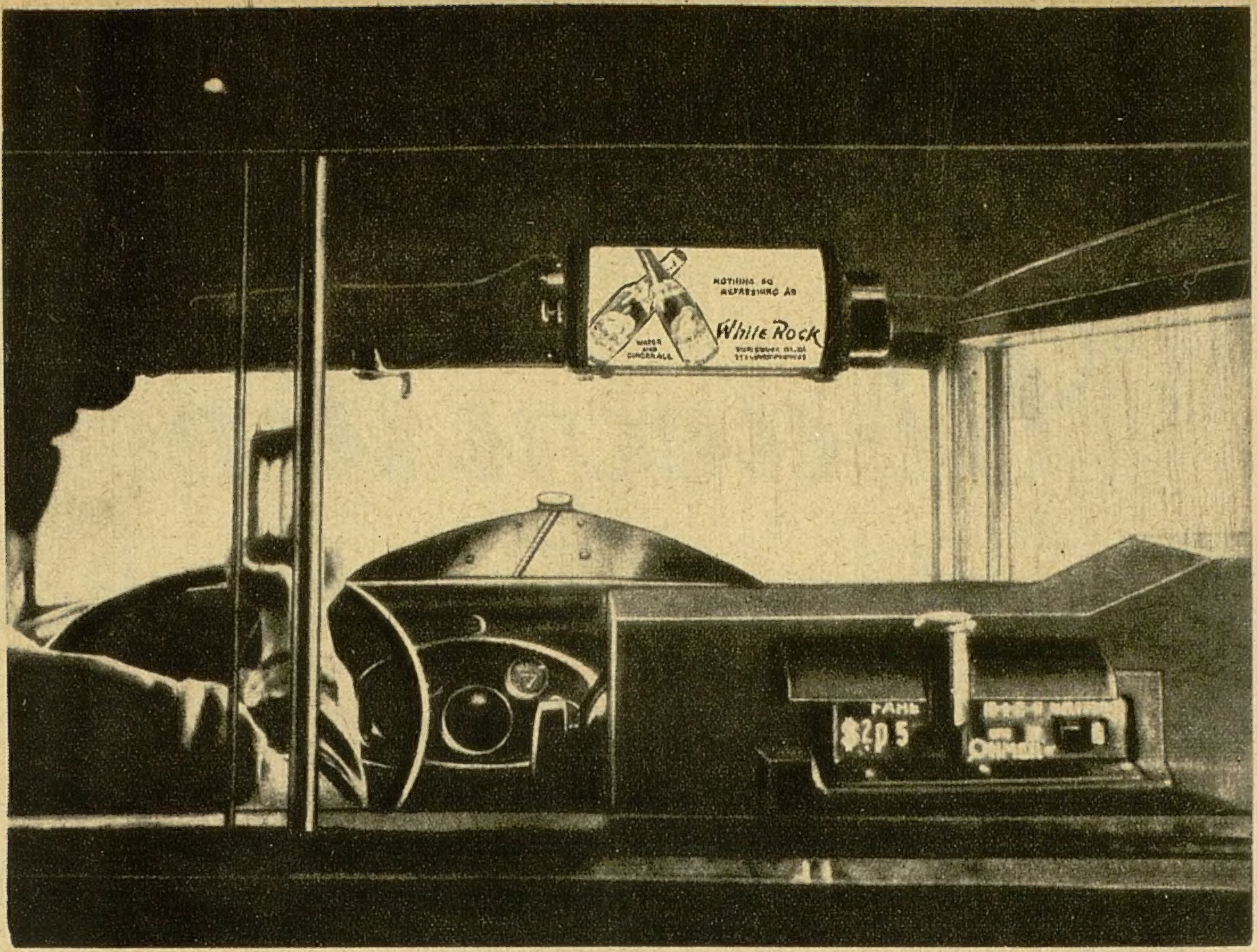

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In the Biggest Market in the World

is the most unusual advertising medium—a rotating device containing twenty-two cards of the finest grade of local and national advertisers, placed in one thousand Terminal taxicabs.

Terminal taxicabs carry over 1,000,000 passengers a month. They have the exclusive cab privileges of the Grand Central and Pennsylvania Stations, the steamship piers, the 23rd Street ferries which serve the Lackawanna, Erie and Jersey Central railroads, etc., the 42nd Street ferries, which serve the West Shore, and the Waldorf Astoria Hotel's private stand.

Terminal cab passengers pay 73 cents, on an average, for a ride, so it is more than fair to assume that they have incomes above the average. They are a unique group of people—well worth cultivating.

Terminal cabs operate in the dominant retail market of the world. Over 11,000,000 persons live within a radius of fifty miles of New York City. Terminal cabs select from these people those who are able to pay seventy-three cents for a ride which they could buy for from five to ten cents on other means of transportation. Why not tell this group of spenders about the merchandise or service you have to sell? You could reach them at the low cost of $1.25 per thousand, through the means of a moving card in color, electrically lighted, having every element of a Broadway spectacular.

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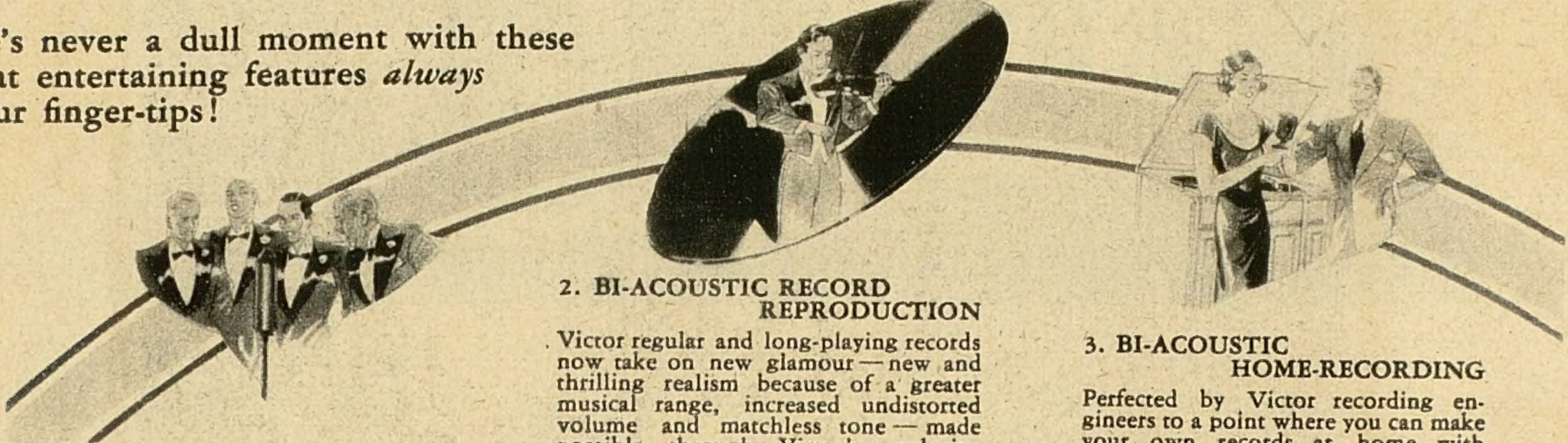
There's never a dull moment with these 3 great entertaining features *always* at your finger-tips!



1. BI-ACOUSTIC RADIO

The receiver with "B" amplification and 7 other great advances that give you *twice* the power, *twice* the tone range, *twice* the tone quality—tone richer by two full octaves—tone you must hear to believe.

2. BI-ACOUSTIC RECORD REPRODUCTION

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3. BI-ACOUSTIC HOME-RECORDING

Perfected by Victor recording engineers to a point where you can make your own records at home with assurance of success—real ten-inch records with a playing time of 6 to 8 minutes.

It's new! It's different! It's Bi-acoustic throughout!

NO single radio development has ever created such interest and enthusiasm as the advent of Victor BI-ACOUSTIC Radio! It has amazed and thrilled musicians, music-lovers and radio fans everywhere by its vastly superior tone and performance.

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. . . your own records made at home *Bi-acoustically*, an unbelievable advance that results in clear, natural, well-defined reproduction.

Whether or not you own a radio or a combination—set aside fifteen minutes for the musical thrill of your life. Any Victor dealer will be proud to let you see and hear this new Victor Radio-Record Combination RE-81, or model RAE-84 with automatic record-changing. It will be the most amazing demonstration you have ever heard. Ask also to see the other Victor models ranging from $69.50 up. Convenient terms.

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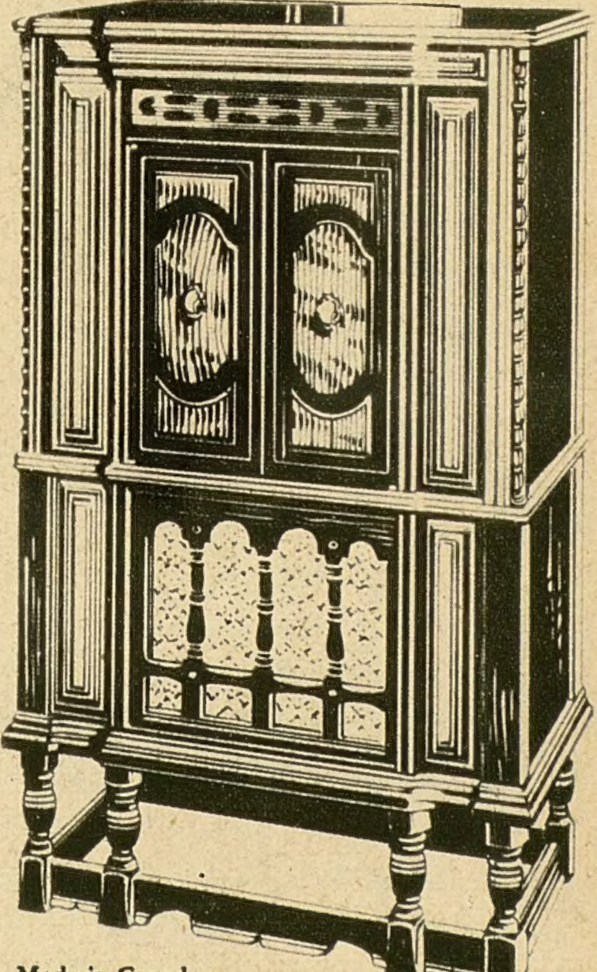

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VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

MASTER BUILDERS OF RADIO

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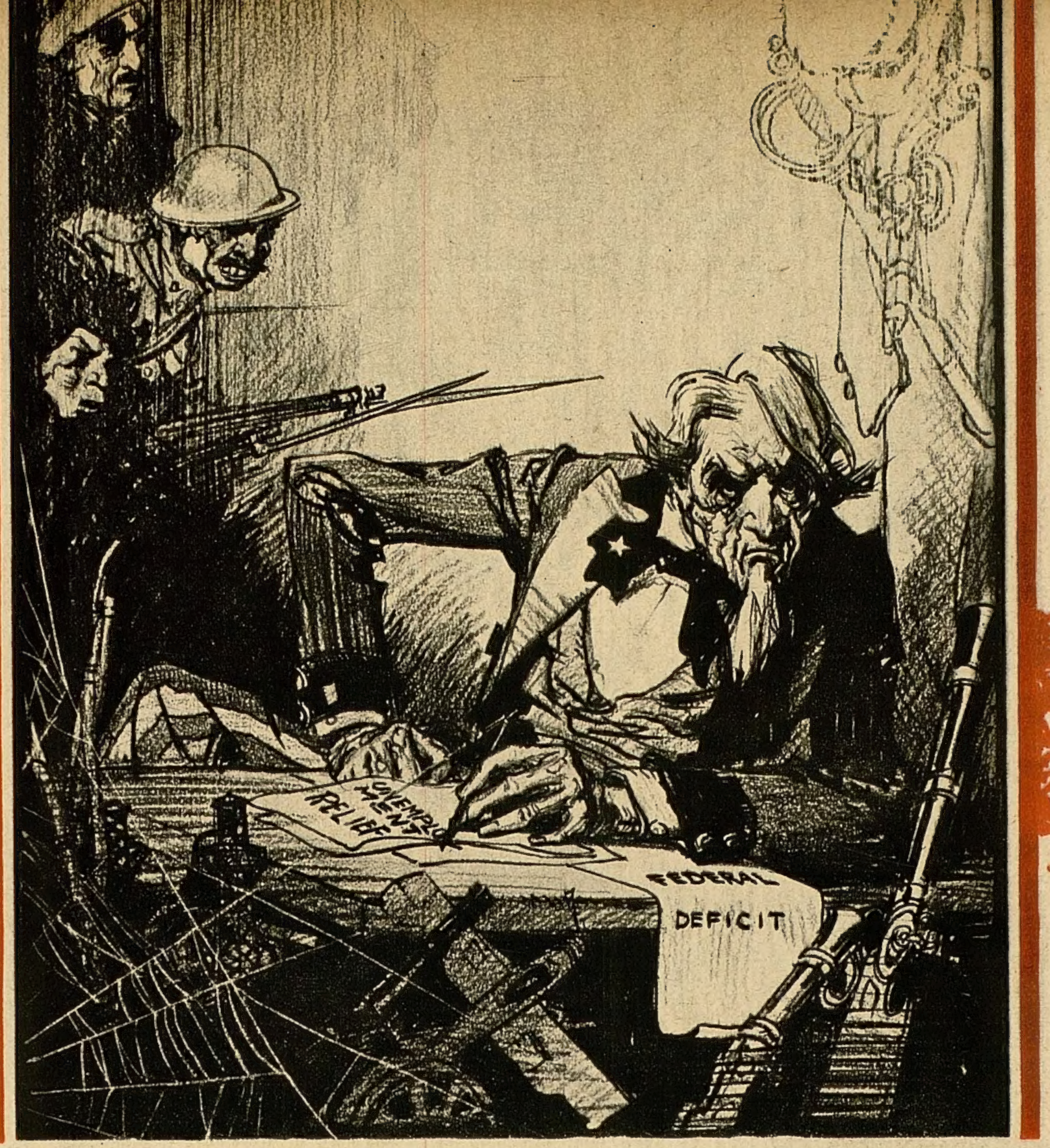


JAPAN is no
ready and i
provoking us to
war for which w
are unready.

JAPAN'S *NEW THREAT* to the United States

By COUNT ILYA TOLSTOY

Why Her Understanding with Soviet Russia and Her Ambitions in the Far East Are Bound to Bring War with Us

(Reading time: 10 minutes 40 seconds.)

ALL who are interested in the Far Eastern problem must realize that a war between Japan and the United States seems to be unavoidable. Will the outburst happen in a few weeks or months, or will it come in ten years? This nobody knows; but Japan is ready for it and is provoking it, while the United States is not prepared and does not want to fight.

On November 2, 1917, Secretary of State Lansing and Viscount Ishii signed an agreement according to which the United States acknowledged some special interests of Japan in China. A few days after the signing the Russian ambassador Krupensky had a conference with the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, Baron Motono.

Mr. Krupensky reported to his government that Baron Motono fully realized the possibility of some future misunderstanding in the interpretation of this agreement, but that he did not feel himself in a position to press the Japanese point of view *until such time as Japan should have the power to dictate her own interpretation.*

These words of one of Japan's most clever diplomats explain the arrogant attitude of Japanese diplomacy in the Manchurian question of today. There is no doubt that Japan now considers herself prepared for war with the United States and is acting accordingly.

She does not pay any attention to the protests of any other country. Nothing can stay her hand in China. During the Shanghai episode her only answer to the other nations was that for every European or American soldier there she had four soldiers ready at hand.

Following the example of her teacher, Germany, in the Great War, Japan has no fear of world public opinion and is acting like a country that has made up its mind to fight and not to stop until it gets what it wants.

If war with Japan is unavoidable, shall it be now or later? Great is the responsibility of those who have to solve this dilemma. Let us consider the alternatives.

There are those who say: "No! No war! Not now, anyhow. Don't accept the challenge. Leave China and the whole of Asia to themselves. If necessary, give away the Philippines and Guam. We are not ready for war. We are weakened by unemployment. Right was Theodore Roosevelt when he said that we can start a war against Japan only after we are ready for it and only after we are stronger than she is."

But others say: "Now or never. If we fail now, Japan will have the reputation of being invincible. She will invade Asia. She will take all the islands of the Pacific. And after that, with the help of a billion Asiatics, she will invade America. It is true that the United States is not yet ready for war—it is true that the war may be long and bloody—but eventually America will win, and will save her next generations from a disaster."

These are the two viewpoints. Which is right? is the question that America is facing now and must answer.

More than three years ago there appeared a very strange document called the Testament of Tanaka. (Tanaka was formerly the Prime Minister of Japan.) In January of this year the Soviet Komintern published the same thing in a more detailed version under the title of A Memorandum of Practical Politics Submitted to the Emperor of Japan, July 25, 1927, by Prime Minister Tanaka.

In them the plans and dreams of Japan are worked out in great detail. The first step is Manchuria, to be followed by the conquest of China, India, all Asia, war with the United States, the conquest of the Pacific and ultimately of the whole world.

SUCH dreams may seem fantastic. How could a small country like Japan conquer China and India? But history has proved that such things are possible. Witness Macedonia and Rome, or the conquests of Genghis Khan.

Undoubtedly Japan is now in a position to conquer all Asia, and the only country that can stop her from carrying out the Tanaka program is America. This is why the Japanese consider America their greatest enemy.

On the other hand, America will never allow communism to develop on her continent, and that is why the Soviets also see in America their main enemy. Having a common enemy has united the interests of Japan and the Soviets and has led them to agreement. It must be remembered that Stalin is an Asiatic. His biographers say that the main characteristic of his youthful years was his hatred of Europe and America, which were, according to his understanding, exploiting his native Asia. He turned to socialism as a means of struggle against all the cultured world, though especially against Russia, which he hated more than any thing else. After having ruined Russia he began to dream of using communism as a means of turning people of the whole of Asia against Europeans. Here he encountered the indirect influence of American capitalism. He soon realized that as long as this stronghold of capitalism held, all his efforts to produce a world-wide revolution were doomed to failure. This engendered his hatred of America, and this is what unites, for the time being, the interests of the Soviets with those of Japan.

AN agreement of these two powers may seem unnatural. When I advanced this idea before, nobody would listen to such an "impossible" conjecture. Finally, however, in the New York Times (February 14, 1932), Mr. Augur, who is reputed to be one of the greatest authorities on the Far Eastern situation, made a statement that it is not to be doubted that there is an agreement of the Soviets with Japan.

In every struggle the important thing is to know your enemy. We Russians learned this lesson too late. The Japanese, with that amazing secrecy and camouflage of which they are past masters, successfully hid their espionage, their preparations, the development of their army and navy, during the years preceding 1904.

Then suddenly in February of that year on a dark night the Russian fleet was attacked off Port Arthur.

In the war that followed, the Russians realized how wonderfully the Japanese were informed concerning the Russian fortresses, what detailed maps they had, and how well they were able to detect all the movements and plans of the Russian army. They were also well informed of the complexities of Russian political movements and of the secret work of Russian radical parties.

"They have a most powerful army and you can never tell what they think," said my sister to me upon her recent arrival in this country after two years in Japan.

Other Japanese methods of weakening the prospective enemy are the use of revolutionary propaganda inside his country, and the attempt, by secret treaties and other wiles of diplomacy, to isolate him from possible allies.

International News

AT Shanghai, for every European or American soldier, Japan had four. These are Japanese marines in action in a street there.

In the Russo-Japanese conflict, England was on the side of Japan. There was a danger that the United States, which remained neutral, might realize the menace of Japan's growing power. Therefore anti-Russian propaganda was carried out in this country with extreme vigor. Japan did it with the aid of the radical elements of this country. It was three years after the end of the war that Theodore Roosevelt finally realized how America had been duped.

In case of war with Japan can America expect to have any allies, or will she remain alone?

Undoubtedly the most important factor will be the attitude of Great Britain. It is hard to tell at present what it will be. Things are changing too rapidly.

If Germany had known that Great Britain would enter the World War, she would probably not have started it at all. The same thing now. If Japan knows that England will turn against her, she will probably never attack America.

BEFORE the Washington Conference, England had an alliance with Japan. This alliance would still be in effect if it had not been for the British dependencies, which cannot trust Japan—especially Australia, whose interests are identical with those of the United States. The traditional policy of Great Britain is to avoid wars for herself and to reap the fruits of those of other countries. Who knows whether she is not watching the present conflict with the secret aim of drawing out of it something for herself and her dominions?

She is still under the spell of her traditional fear of Russian invasion of India, which is and was always absolutely groundless, and she may overlook the greater danger that threatens her from the East.

What is France's attitude? Since the beginning of the Sino-Japanese conflict, France has been suspected of having a secret agreement with Japan. Japan wanted it in order to keep America isolated. What could she promise France? The Soviets are flirting with Germany. In case of a new European conflict the Little Entente cannot save France; Poland and Roumania will be smashed between Germany and the Soviets. Japan can also invade Indo-China. In exchange for her moral and financial support France has the promise of the security of her Far East colonies, and in case she is attacked in the west Japan may have promised to attack the Soviets in the East.

In case of a war between America and Japan, Germany will get the monopoly of furnishing Japan with ammunition, and the Soviets will get the transportation of the ammunition via the Siberian Railroad.

Thus, while remaining nominally neutral, the Soviets will actually be serving Germany and Japan at the same time.

Can America beat Japan single-handed?

My deep conviction is that she certainly can and will.

I am not a military man. I do not approve of any wars, and therefore I shall refrain from discussing this question in detail. My hope is that war may be avoided. The way to do it is to restore the political balance that has been disturbed by the Russian revolution and the enslavement of Russia by the Soviets.

The present situation of America is strongly reminiscent of the situation of Russia in 1904, before the Japanese War. The same seemingly unavoidable conflict. The same underestimation of the difficulties of the war. The same remoteness of the chief military bases.

The same unpreparedness; the same lack of any reliable ally.

Let us hope that America will not be attacked in the same manner as was Russia in February, 1904.

If a war is started, America will not be able to beat Japan by main force of arms, but she may be able to exhaust her after a few years. It will be a terrible war, and it is sad to think that mankind has not become any wiser than it was eighteen years ago.

Japan's terrorism and cruelty in Shanghai and Manchuria are a new blot in the history of humanity, and it is sad to think that they cannot be stopped without still further and more intensive sacrifices. Yet take a look at the map of the Far East. Japan's nearest neighbors are China and Russia. These are the only two powers that might stop the imperialistic aggressiveness of Japan. But can they do it? China has been corrupted by Japan and by Russian communism. Russia is in the clutches of Germany and the communists.

THE communists cannot be allies of America, and they would be more dangerous as allies than as enemies. And in case of war the sympathies of the Russian people will be with those who are against the Soviets.

Japan is using the Soviets and the propaganda of communism, but at the same time she despises the U. S. S. R. and emphatically shows it. Her invasion of the sphere of Russian influence has already awakened the sympathies of the White Russians, among whom she is carrying out her propaganda by financing two Russian newspapers in Harbin. She would never have done so if she had not considered the White Russians the spokesmen for the whole oppressed population of Russia, whose sympathy she wants to win.

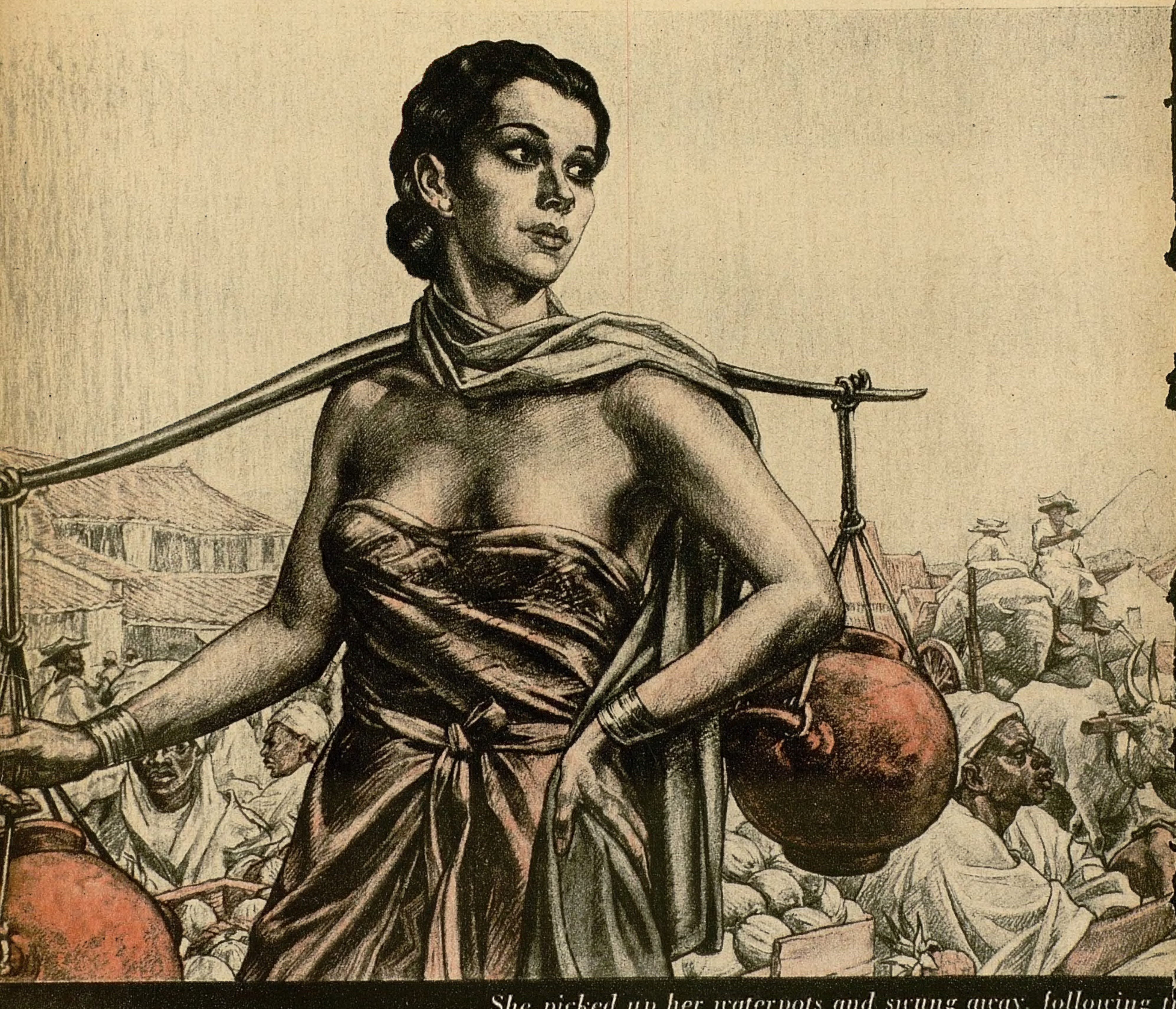
In spite of this every Russian realizes that Japan is the natural enemy of Russia, just as the United States is her only real and natural friend as regards the Far East.

The feeling of friendship of Russia for America has lasted since 1863, when Russia helped this country in an hour of peril by sending two fleets here: one to New York and one to San Francisco. Never has Russia carried out any propaganda against America, and it is not without reason that America is the only country of major importance that does not and will not recognize the government of the oppressors of the Russian people.

The greatest danger for Japan lies in the alliance of America with a nationalistic Russia, restored and powerful, and only that can save America from the danger of a new and terrible war. Help to deliver Russia of her oppressors and you will get a faithful and powerful friend and ally forever. And only then will the political balance of the world be restored.

THE END

The Bride of the



She picked up her waterpots and swung away, following t

(Reading time: 33 minutes 58 seconds.)

"THERE goes the white man who has no money," the Timor tribesman said, leaning up against the long sea wall and playing with his silver-hilted kris.

The gold-brown-colored girl set down the waterpots she carried.

"Ouh!" she said, pretending to be tired. She wanted to have a good look at the Owstralie, that man from the country of the kangaroos who came each evening to the quarter for his food, buying it like a native from little stalls on the curbstone. The tall, fair man; the man who was so young and looked so sad; the man with hair of banana yellow, and eyes as blue as the blue still waters that closed like a seal the ends of the streets of Koepang.

The Owstralie bought quickly. He spent perhaps threepence in English money, and hurried away again, back to the ruined bungalow on the beach that had been hired to him by Lie Hock Sing the trader.

Whether he saw the girl or not, she never could be

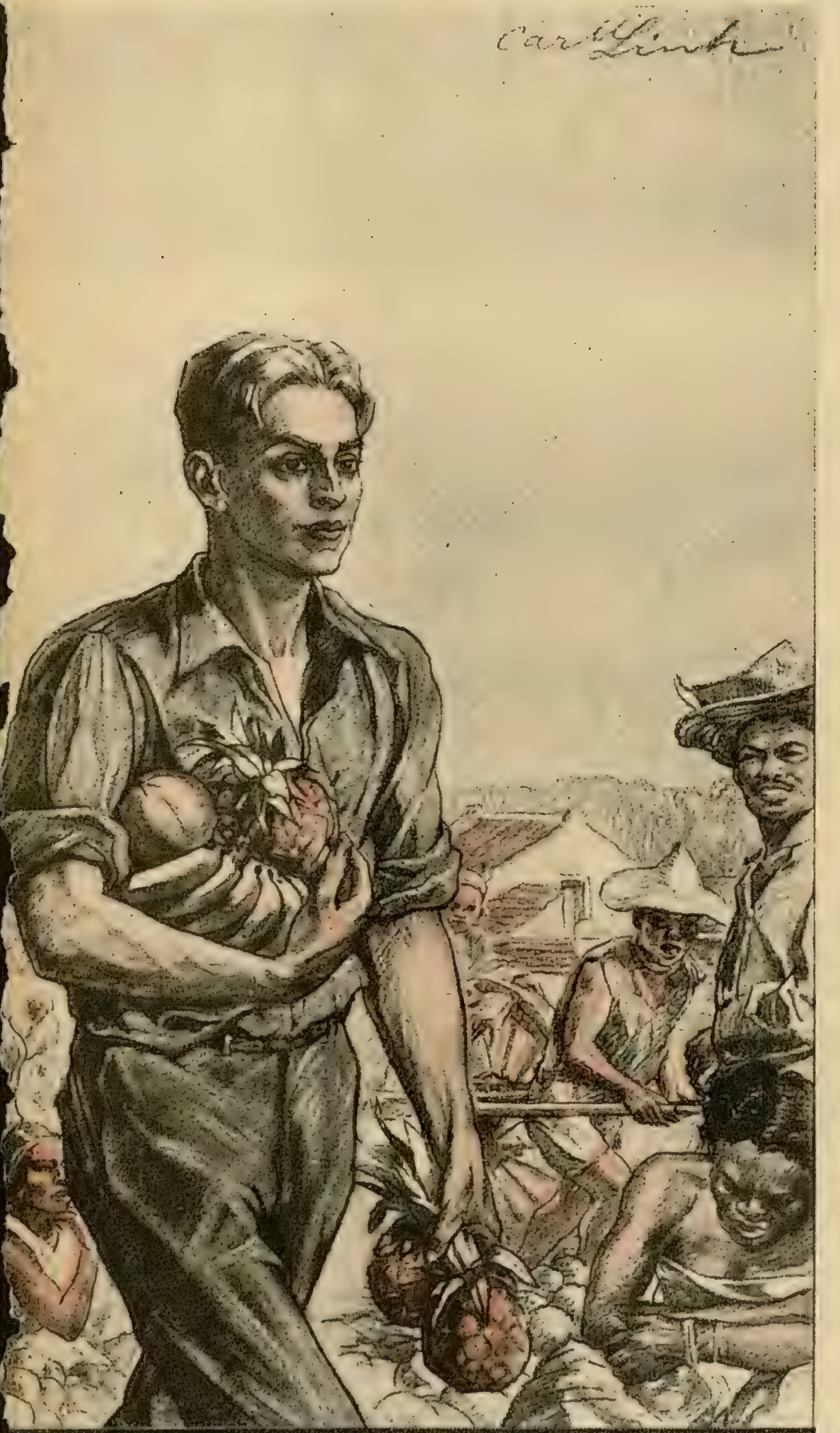
RAJAH

By

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Illustrations by CARL LINK

The Story of a Girl's Trick and a Man's Escape from Bondage



ustralian with the tail of one eye.

sure. At any rate, he did not look at her. Fayar (Dawn-of-Day), the child of a dead Timor princess and of Lie Hock Sing, rich merchant, could not understand such backwardness. Was not she known as the prettiest girl in Koepang? Was not she a chosen candidate for the harem of the Rajah of Lombuka up in the hill country? Kudu, the hill tribesman, was here to carry out negotiations. Fayar knew all about that, though as a matter of etiquette she had to feign ignorance.

Lie Hock Sing was asking a high price for his golden daughter, fruit of that long-dead romance; and the rajah, willing enough to buy, had lately been reproved for extravagance by the all-powerful Dutch government. Nobody knew, therefore, how the matter would turn out. Fayar, a little tired of marking time, felt that a romance meanwhile might not come amiss.

Kudu, tossing proudly the tribesman's panoply of jingling silver, said: "That white man has been here for more than four moons and they say he can't get away. He came here in the airplane that flew from Australia and was wrecked on the hills; the other man was killed. This one had a very little money, and now he has hardly any at all."

Fayar said nothing. She picked up her waterpots and swung away, following the Australian with the tail of one eye.

BILL BLAKE of West Australia, formerly assistant manager of an importing house, lately companion of Harvey Tait on the wild excursion that had seen the end of the flyer, sat on a packing case in his unfurnished cottage, rolling a cigarette of native tobacco. For the five hundredth time he wondered just what madness had sent him off with Harvey on the half promise of a job in Singapore.

Jean, the jolly little redhead in Perth, had been quite sure everything would turn out all right, and that she would be sent for soon to join him in the gorgeous East. He wondered what she was thinking of him now. After a letter to tell her that he was unhurt, and staying on in the island of Timor, he had never written again.

His small reserves had gone while waiting for Tait to make a start. He couldn't raise a cent from friends in Australia. He had heard of the forgotten men of the tropics. Some of them might be criminals in the ordinary sense of the word; every one of them had committed the most unforgivable crime of all—that of falling into poverty. Easily, how easily, you might compass that fall!

In this lost little town of Koepang he could not find the meanest paid employment. He would have starved if food had not been, in the native quarter, so cheap as to be almost a gift. His money, what little he had, was almost done.

Well, for all that, a man had to keep up his self-respect, hang on to cleanness and tidiness as to life. Blake shed his worn clothes, and ran, in the growing dark, down to the lagoon for his evening bathe. The water was warm, and full of spangling stars. Stars big as little moons swam in a plum-blue sky overhead. Blake, doing the Sydney "crawl" through all this glory, vaguely thought that he might have admired it, loved it even, if he had not been so cursedly, distractingly poor. How could one think of stars or anything else when one was down to seventy-five cents cash?

Dead tired (for he had gone farther than he thought, and the tide was falling), he turned shoreward, reaching through the dark for a floating log that fantastically eluded him. It seemed to be alive; it was like a log of cork. It bobbed here and there, and he couldn't catch it. Almost he gave up the chase; and then, feeling his limbs weaken under the strain of fighting the tide, he made one last effort and caught hold of the thing.

It did not help him very much, and he cursed it, struggling slowly to shore. It appeared to be about as big as himself; it had a hard, greasy feel, and it smelt like buttered toast that had gone a little bad. I'll have a look in the morning, he thought.

He reached hurriedly for the towel he had left on the sand, and clad himself in it. It seemed to him that there was a girl somewhere about; he couldn't be sure in the starry dusk, but certainly there was a smell of jasmine and a flutter of something white. . . . Fayar had worn a light silk sarong in the afternoon; Fayar used jasmine oil on her black hair. Bill knew her name, and the meaning of it—Dawn-of-Day; knew who she was, saw that she looked at him with interest. But—

But when you are bitter poor, how can you go about making love to girls who button their *kabayas* (however incompletely) with gold coins—who wear hand-woven silk even when they are carrying the waterpots home to the kitchen?

Besides, of course, there was Jean. If ever one got back to her.

He took two steps toward the luring perfume, the gently moving silks. Fayar saw him silhouetted against the spangled tapestry of stars, and said to herself that it was a pity the Owstralie men wore so many clothes, if they were made like that. She had followed him, earlier, from the town; she was very glad she had, as things turned out. Patiently she had waited; there was something must be said.

"Beel," she whispered (she had known his name before he knew hers)—"Beel, do not go home!"

He had expected many things, but not that. "Wh-wh-why?" he stammered, forgetting Malay for the moment. Fayar seemed to understand.

"There are men in your house," she said softly. "Two men."

"The devil there are!" said Bill. "What do they want?"

"I do not know. But they are bad men. White men who come from Dilly. Escaped. I saw them go in just after the sun had set."

Bill permitted himself a whistle. He had heard of the prison island at the Portuguese end of Timor; of the escapees who sometimes made trouble down the Dutch side. The island was known to be an absolute hell; those who escaped from it, whatever they might have been to begin with, were devils.

"THANKS, little flower," he told her in her own musical tongue. "I'll go in and see what they look like."

She caught his bare, salt arm. "No, not yet," she anxiously said. "Beel, what about your treasure? Those men would cut the throat of fifty like you for it."

"Treasure? Are you making a joke?"

Her fingers slipped away. "I do not make jokes," coldly she said.

Bill, hopelessly puzzled, reached out after her flying sarong; but, like a white moth escaping from a hawk, she suddenly stooped, swung round, and disappeared.

"Some rat she's got in her pretty little head," was his conclusion.

The moon was beginning to come up. One could see the house now—a low bulk among leaves, with its doorway, at the top of a flight of stone steps, showing dark and wide.

Blake struck a match, went up the stairs, and in.

Instantly, as if moved by a common spring, two men jumped up from the floor. Blake had time to see that they were oddly alike—both youngish, both dark, bearded, burned by sun, barefoot, clad in rough shirts and dungaree trousers—before the match went out.

"Who are you?" asked a harsh voice.

The man spoke Portuguese; but Blake, who had been the foreign correspondent of his house in West Australia, knew enough Spanish to guess at the man's meaning. In Spanish he replied, "The owner of this house. Who are you?"

There was silence for a moment. Then another voice spoke: "We are from the prison island at Dilly. We cannot be sent back."

"You will have to put us up here till we can get on to a ship," said the first voice. The second impatiently asked, "Why do you not light your lamp?"

"Because I haven't got one. I am as poor," explained Bill cheerfully, "as the turkey of the Señor Job."

"Turkey? Have you got turkey? We are hungry."

"No turkey. Feel on that shelf overhead; you're welcome to what you find."

There was silence, broken by hurried crunching. Then one of the men spoke:

"English *senhors*, traveling, are not poor. You make a jest with us."

"If you wait till daylight," Bill replied, "you'll jolly well see. And I'm not traveling. I'm stuck."

Silence again. "We shall sleep here," came a voice. "We are very tired."

"Must be, if you walked from Dilly."

"Ah, no. We found wild ponies and tamed them. We rode."

I don't think, Bill commented to himself. You stole the horses, if you rode.

There was a faint sound of jingling as one of the men moved to the floor. "What's that?" inquired Bill. "Counting out your cash?"

"Only some old silver coins that a tribesman gave us. We shall send someone to buy gin for us tomorrow. We dare not go out."

AND that caps it, was Bill's silent comment, again. These birds have killed a couple of mountain men, taken their silver, ridden the horses down, and set them free again. Nice lodgers! If I had had the treasure that Fayar talked about, I should have been pretty well in the soup. One of the men spoke through the darkness, threateningly: "Senhor, there is someone—a spy—outside."

Bill listened. Certainly there was a queer scraping sound upon the beach below. "Spies don't make noises," he objected.

He went down the steps, struck another match, and came upon—Fayar.

With hands and bare feet, she was burying beneath a heap of sand the log he had brought ashore.

She stood up, touched a finger to her lips, and shook her head.

"It came to me," she whispered, "that perhaps you were only a fool, Owstralie—that you did not distrust me, after all. So I ran back to cover this up. Is it possible you do not know?"

"Know what?" he was beginning, when she took to flight.

Something warned him not to disturb her work. One of the escapees had come out of the house, and stood, plainly visible, on the top of the steps.

"So you are a man from whom the pretty girl runs, in the night, away," laughed the convict. "From me, Luis, they do not run. If I had known she was there—"

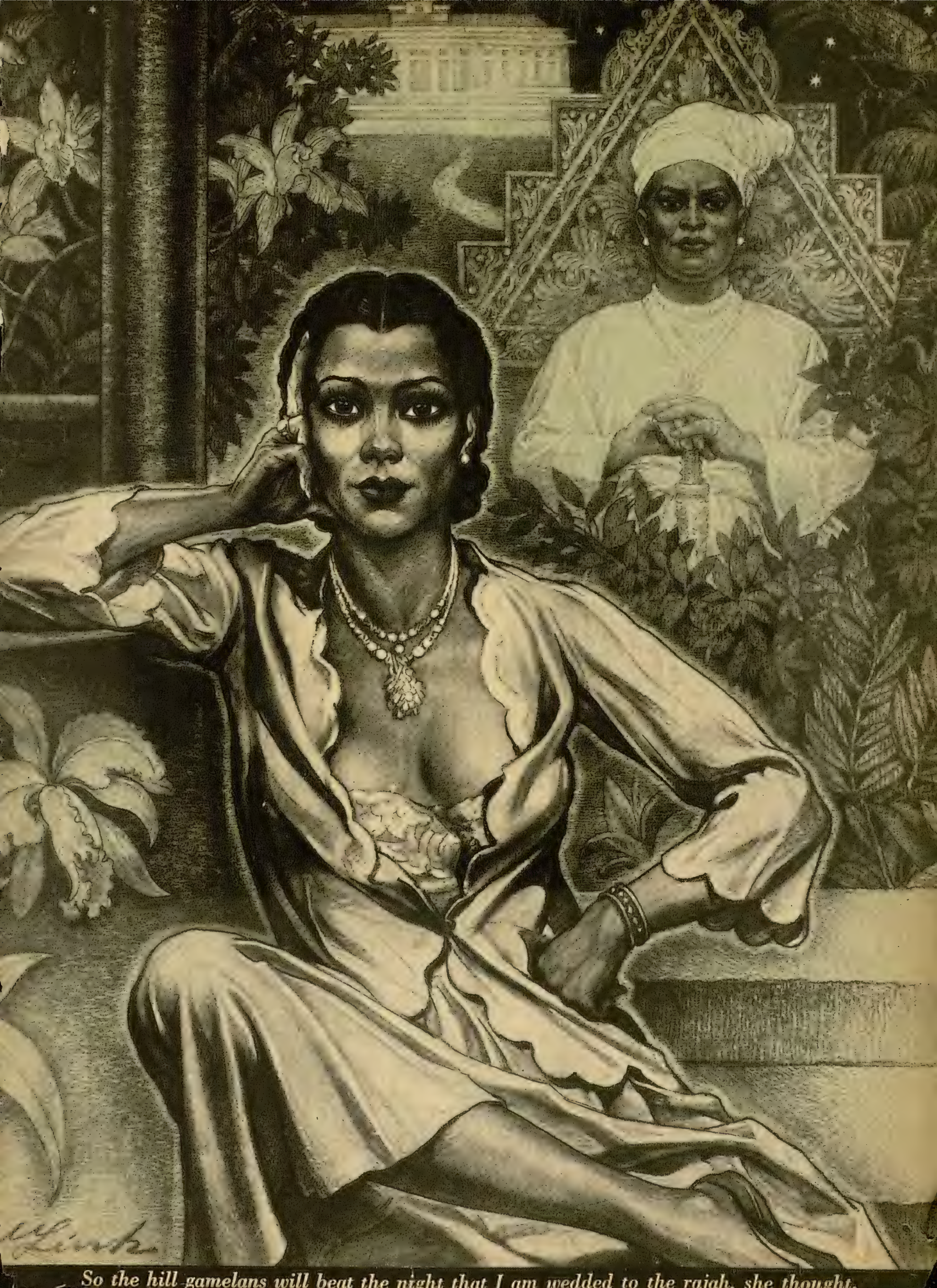
"Shut your head," was Bill's uncivil though uncomprehended reply.

Luis, looking watchfully up and down, seemed to decide that it was safe to return to the house. "We shall sleep now," he said. "The senhor understands that it will not be safe to play us false."

Well, he would have to let them hide for a day or two, till one of the Dutch steamers came in. No doubt they meant to bribe the native sailors and stow away. Afterward? That was their affair; he would be rid of them.

At the first hint of daylight he rose silently from the hard floor that was his only bed and slipped out to the beach.

Bill hurriedly scraped away the sand from the log that Fayar had buried. The sun, coming up behind a belt of kanaris, struck full upon the yellowish-brown stuff.



So the hill gamelans will beat the night that I am wedded to the rajah, she thought.

Bill guessed the secret at last. It was ambergris. If he hadn't known it in the dark by smell and touch, the daughter of the Chinese merchant clearly did.

Ambergris! But wasn't this too big? The value was counted by ounces; used to be eight pounds an ounce; now more probably ten, because the great sperm whales that produced it were rapidly being killed out. He had never heard of anything more than a pound or two, at best a stone, being picked up—the man who found so much was counted lucky. If this was ambergris— But he had always fancied it to be something like amber, transparent and shining. This was more like dirty beeswax, and the queer toasted smell of it baffled him when he tried to find a simile. No hint of perfume—yet ambergris, so one had heard, was indispensable to the perfuming trade.

He chipped a fragment off with his knife, and then lifted the whole mass to judge the weight. Bill was used to the weights of different goods. Forty pounds he made it, pretty near. He did a rapid sum in his head. At the old price, five thousand one hundred and twenty pounds. If it had run up to ten pounds or so, six thousand four hundred.

"My God!" he said, carefully setting it down and scraping the sand over it again. He took dry palm leaves afterward and scattered them upon the heap. It would persist in looking like a grave.

With the cut fragment in his pocket, he made his way to town. Lie Hock Sing, the father of Fayar, was behind the counter of his store. Bill, factitiously cool, handed him the scrap and asked what it was worth.

Lie Hock Sing, sticking a small glass in his eye, examined it as if it had been a jewel; weighed it, smelled it, scraped it, put his tongue to it. He kept his glance away from Blake as he replied: "Ten ounces. Worth maybe hundred guilder."

Eight pounds odd in English money. The old heathen! Bill did not ask him a second time what the stuff was. He knew now.

Lie Hock Sing was slapping out big, shining "ringgits" on the counter. He looked fairly at his customer now, with a sly but kindly glance. The man was old, but long ago—in the days of the Timor princess, maybe—he must have been handsome for a Chink, thought Bill. Muscular. Big. With well cut features, before the wrinkles came. Plausible too. One could understand— And he was really a little like Fayar.

"Where you got this?" the Chinaman inquired gently. "You got any more?"

"Found it on the beach. I—I—no, no more." The falsehood stuck in his throat. I'm a washout as a liar, indignantly he thought. And I'm a fool into the bargain. For he saw that the bit of ambergris was focusing the attention of all Lie's customers upon himself. Everyone was staring, and two or three men had already strolled out of the store in a careless way, to hang about the street with one eye upon Blake.

NO wonder that girl thought me either a mug or a sneak, he told himself. She must have fancied I was trying to keep it dark—after she'd run considerable risk from those birds in the house just to tell me they were there.

She knows what they are. Cut my throat—yes, or serve me the way they must have served those jolly mountain men. I wish I dared hand 'm over to the government. But he could not bring himself to do that. Brutes or no, they had thrown themselves upon his hospitality; they had shared his food and smoked his tobacco. He was committed to them now. And the steamer was almost due. Likely they would stow away on her. After they were gone he would—somehow—spirit his treasure out of Timor; get it to a safer place, sell it, and then back to Australia to a business of his own, to freedom, and to Jean.

When he got home, his pockets weighted down with clinking ringgits and his heart warmed by a new sensation of power and security, he saw that the door at the top of the steps was open. The man called Luis was standing in it. Immediately on seeing Blake he began to register with hands, eyes, teeth, and (Bill almost thought) his stiff upstanding hair, some violent emotion. "Senhor," he shouted, pointing down, "behold the unfortunate accident!"

Bill, looking down, beheld. Gonzalez was the accident. Gonzalez was lying at the foot of the steps, his head twisted to one side, a queer, astonished look upon his face.

He seemed, in the uncertain light of the flickering palm grove, to be asking mutely why—why—what on earth?

Bill felt his heart, looked at the twisted neck. Nothing on earth, old chap, he thought. Nothing any more.

Luis was explaining volubly: "A little dispute—a nothing," he said, his face buttered over with polite dismay. "A matter of some property of mine, claimed by Gonzalez. We struggled, forgetting the stairs—and see! He is dead, senhor?"

"Dead as mutton," Blake coolly replied.

He had no doubt at all that Luis had thrown the other down the steps; why, he did not yet know. It might have had something to do with the tribesman's coins; and yet—

SILENCE held them all for a minute, the two live men as straitly as the third who would never speak again. Below, the sea creamed hissing on the beach; the palms unquietly turned the pages of their interminable book of leaves, like sibyls seeking, in distress and haste, some forgotten augury. Blake thought: What things they have seen in their fifty, sixty years!

The man Gonzalez, whom now he looked at for the first time, seemed to be about thirty years of age; handsome, if he had not been disfigured by the convict beard; in class apparently superior to Luis. I suppose he has friends in Europe, decent people, Blake thought. Little they know.

Luis came down the steps. "With your permission, senhor, we will carry him in. This is unfortunate, for it will discover us to the authorities. All the same, they cannot actually arrest me. There, on the floor."

He did not look distressed by the misfortune of which he spoke. He was like a man who has drunk wine or heard of some good news. Blake, vaguely disquieted, looked round the all but empty bungalow room, and saw on the floor, close to the spot where they had laid Gonzalez— Impossible! But it was. His treasure. His find of the biggest piece of ambergris on record. Here, disinterred by either Luis or Gonzalez (they couldn't have been as sound asleep as they pretended earlier—what a fool he was to trust them!), here, in possession of the tiger who had killed one man, likely more, and was prepared at any moment to kill another. There was nothing for the Dutch government to lay hold of. A man may fall down a flight of steps any day, and break his neck, without a trial for murder to follow. The crime had been well managed.

Blake, cold with fury, straightened himself up and said: "Where did you get that? That's mine."

"Oh, no-no-no," Luis disagreed, with an annoying laugh. "I found it on the beach, and what one finds there is the finder's. Gonzalez claimed it, too. It was when he hit me, and I would have defended myself, that he—"

"The stuff is mine, I tell you; I found it!" Blake angrily shouted.

Luis, quite cool, his hand on the butt of the revolver that bulked out the side of his trousers, said, "Prove it, senhor. The law is on my side."

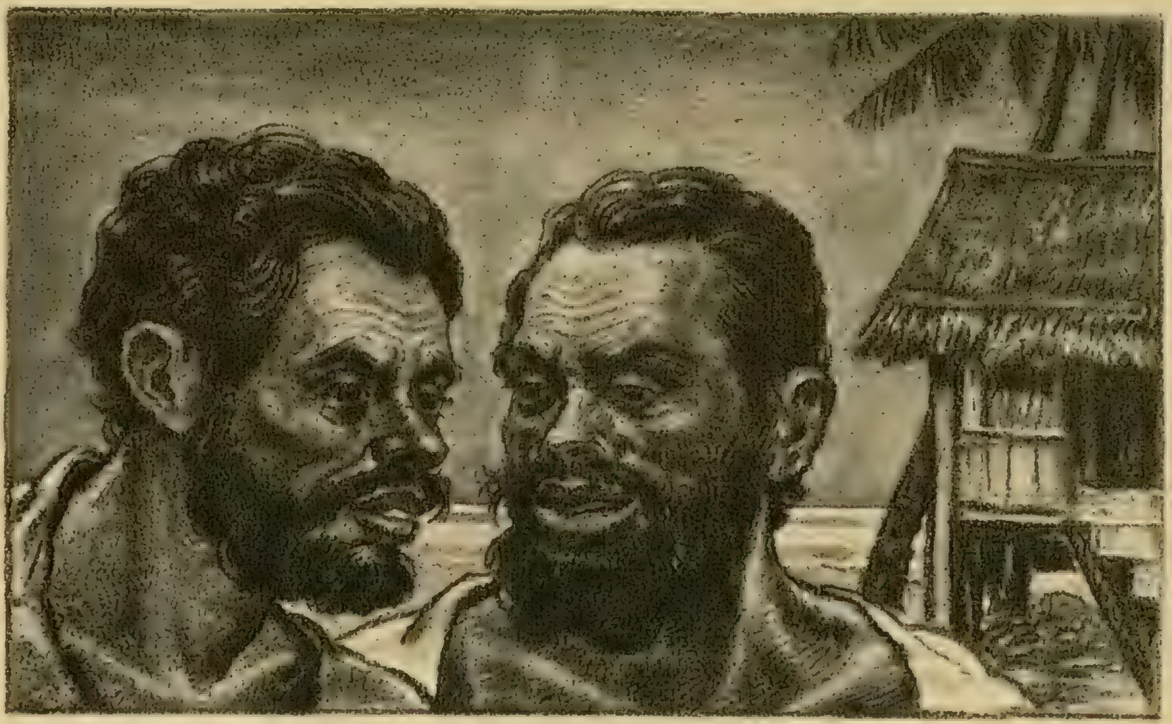
And Blake perforce gave in. But not quite. "I'll find some way," he thought.

A pauper yesterday; a rich man last night; pauper again this morning. It's like a blooming cat with a blooming mouse, he thought. Fate or something. But he shan't— I'll get it again, hide it.

The difficulty of hiding a thing as big as a man occurred to him; but he put that aside. Almost it seemed to him that there was a solution of the problem—if he could think of it. He squeezed his mind furiously; like a dry orange it seemed, but something would come out by and by, if he squeezed enough.

Luis, suave, lean and dark, looking so like the villain in an old-fashioned movie that Blake found himself confusedly thinking: Maybe those birds in Hollywood are nearer right than one thought—Luis, with a cigarette rolled from Blake's tobacco in his mouth, and an air of being entirely considerate and thoughtful, said: "Senhor, this friend of mine will have to be buried soon. In these hot countries—you understand— Perhaps you will give the notice."

Bill went out and gave it. Later a starched and gilded official visited the house, questioned Blake and Luis, accepted easily enough Luis's version of the "accident" (the Queen of Holland, it seemed, didn't care much what happened to escapees from Dilly), told Luis that he and Blake had better behave themselves, because the government had its eye on both of them (which drove Bill nearly mad and made Luis grin ill-naturedly behind the official's back). Then the Dutchman, calling to his orderly, stalked away; and Luis, who had hastily slipped the sea treasure under a loose board of the flooring, pulled it out and ostentatiously began to weigh it in his arms and reckon its value aloud.



The island was known to be an absolute hell; those who escaped from it were devils.

Blake couldn't stand this. He bolted out of the house. He was met by a detail of prisoners from the jail carrying boards for a coffin. All morning they hammered, lazed, started again, again stopped work. It was not till late in the afternoon that the coffin was finished and Gonzalez nailed up inside.

Blake kept away. He could not endure Luis; he could not stay by and see Luis's wretched victim laid away. He had plenty of other things to think about, and determinedly he thought. Even supposing he could get back his treasure from Luis—and that didn't seem very likely—there would be all Koepang to reckon with. It was like owning a diamond as big as your head or a nugget of gold the size of a sheep.

Everyone was after it, and you couldn't smuggle a thing like that on board ship, even if you had—now—ringgits enough to pay your passage to Soerabaya and farther. Then there was the Dutch government. Queen Wilhelmina, he supposed, had a claim; and he missed his guess if her officials wouldn't press it. One would want a boat—a small yacht of some kind. West Australia was only five hundred miles away. If he could get back there, find a couple of friends, sneak the thing out—

Yes; but he hadn't got the thing—now. And if he had, where could one—

BILL, walking in the twilight beside a lagoon full of tall pink lotus flowers, stopped short and gave a yell. A Timor woman, who was filling her waterpots among the flowers, stared at him, not much astonished. All the Ingrissi and the Owstralie folk were mad.

Bill never saw her. He stood still, clapped his hands, and turned back toward the house. He had his idea. It made him shiver, but it would work—it would have to work!

Now it was getting dark. The prisoners had been all day long getting the wood and making the coffin. Bill, as he went back to the bungalow, saw against the dark blue of growing nighttime a vision of his sea treasure as it had lain beneath the sand: long, looking like the half-buried body of a man. Saw the coffin that the men had been making. Knew what he was going to do—at last.

He did not go into the house. He went straight to Koepang, to the native quarter. Food must be bought today, as usual; and further, he wanted to see Fayar.

Fayar had served the supper of Lie Hock Sing, and was sitting alone on the steps of the closed store, watching the stars and listening to the tangle-tangle of a *gamelan* gong somewhere over the way. So the hill *gamelans* will beat, only louder and far more, the night that I am wedded to the rajah, she thought.

Then, dark head drooping low on ivory hand—If—if I am wedded to the rajah.

Fayar, until now hard-hearted, was beginning to lose both heart and head. She wanted, still, to be a rajah's queen; to be hung with jewels; to ride furiously in splendid motor cars; to sit upon a gilt-wood, velvet throne. But she wanted more to feel the Owstralie's strong arms about her neck; to see, with him, dawn break over the dark palm trees, flush the lotus flowers in the lake beside the bungalow, where there were no thrones, no jewels—only love and "Beel."

Without looking up or moving, she knew that he was near. Keeping still, she said, "Kudu is on the lookout. I will meet you presently."

WHETHER Kudu followed her or not, she did not care. She was at the bungalow not long after Blake. "You want me?" she whispered. "What is it?"

Bill told her what had happened. She nodded coolly. Murder did not trouble this daughter of the wild, except in so far as it might affect her own plans. In fact, it gave her a useful idea.

"I could poison him for you so that nobody would know," she suggested, arranging the flowers in her hair with a deft finger. "Then you could get it back. But—what would you do if you had it?" She was a little afraid. She knew that poverty alone had kept the Owstralie chained in Timor.

Bill waived that part of the question. "Of course you mustn't poison anyone," he said reprovingly. "This is my idea." He told her.

Fayar nodded. "It is good," she said. "But you will want to have that man kept out of the way for an hour. I will leave a canoe for you, and I will take care of Luis."

"Don't take care of him too much," Bill warned her.

Fayar laughed lightly, once. No woman whom Bill had ever known could laugh like that. Jean giggled. But Fayar, he knew, was mistress of magic never dreamed of in Jean's cool, ordered life. Fayar could make a man forget—anything.

Almost roughly he kissed her and let her go. He did not dare to stay with her, out here, under the stars and the palms, with the hot night of Timor whispering to him, the wild seas of Timor calling. Yet, if he could get back his treasure, would not this be a land for a man to live in, married to a princess of the soil, beggar no longer?

Back into the house he went. The long coffin was on the floor, and under the floor, he knew, was that which should be buried tomorrow morning instead of the corpse of luckless Gonzalez. And then—let all Timor look for it; they would never find it, whether he himself were living or dead.

Luis took the bundle of food and squatted down to devour his share. He had been drinking, Bill saw.

"I sent a fellow into town for a bottle of gin," the convict told him. "I will even give you some."

Bill refused. He knew what money had bought the gin for Luis; there was blood on every coin of it—to him.

Later, Luis strolled out; and Bill, jealously listening, heard talk and laughter on the beach, a good way down. Fayar was keeping her word.

He did not like the way of it, but he knew—none better—that the Timor princess could look after herself.

It was late before he had done his grisly task. When the canoe came back from deep water beyond the reef, lightened of a heavy load, Fayar had gone. Luis was not there. Wondering what might have happened, but trusting to Fayar's cleverness, Blake went into the house once more, filled the empty coffin, weighted it with stones, nailed it up, and left it for the prisoners to take in the morning.

He was awake before the ex-convict returned, cold sober, and breathing rage against himself, Fayar, Bill, and the world in general. The girl, it seemed, had lured him to a rendezvous and then deserted him. A mountain fellow had shadowed him all night; he'd break his neck if he could catch him.

"Breaking necks," Bill remarked, "appears to be a specialty of yours."

Luis was not listening. He had just pulled up the loose floor board and discovered the absence of his treasure. With a howl like a wolf's he turned on Bill, plucked the revolver out of his pocket, and pulled the trigger. Bill, who had been expecting attack, struck down his hand, and the bullet went through the floor. Luis launched a vicious sudden kick, and, as Bill expertly dodged, fired again. This time the bullet plowed the wall within an inch of Bill's head.

He's got four more, Bill thought, and was for flinging himself wildly forward in a forlorn hope of overpowering Luis before the latter killed him, when he saw Luis stagger, lose footing, and fall right into the arms of a Timor native constable. In the back doorway, through which the man had come, appeared two others, also a handsome swaggering tribesman decked with silver—Kudu, the henchman of the Rajah of Lombuka.

"Tie him up," directed Kudu. "Your friend," he said scornfully to Bill, "has been murdering the subjects of the Dutch government, and it is I, Kudu, who found out, because of the coins he spent in the *pasar*, which were from the headdress of my cousin who was found dead in the bush yesterday. He will make love to no more rajah's chosen. Nor will you, if you value your safety."

"If you hadn't happened to save my life," Bill told him, "I'd punch your head for calling that—that—my friend. Take him, and good luck to you!"

"I cannot wish you luck," Kudu threatened.

"Maybe I'll have it all the same," Blake answered him.

THE claws of the cat had let him go again. He was above himself, wild with the sense of freedom, of self-respect regained. That a greasy lump of something out of the sea can do all that! he marveled.

Luis, curiously quiet, a cowed, mean prisoner once more, was borne away. Bill hardly noticed his going. Ten years, I suppose, he thought, in a prison that knows how to hold. And he dismissed Luis from his life.

The gravediggers came in as patly as characters in a play, took the coffin, and carried it down to a handcart. It was heavy to handle. Bill and a bundle of stones had settled that.

A grave was ready in the crowded, nameless corner of the cemetery, half an hour's trudge distance. There, graves set at every angle, in every state of newness or age, impinged upon each other. Some were marked with little iron pegs, but quite a number were undistinguished in any manner. What a mess for resurrection day, Bill impiously thought as he looked at the huddled confusion. He saw the coffin slammed into the earth and carelessly covered. The laborers stuck a number peg on the grave before they left. Bill counted from the end, and looked at the peg as well. Easy to make mistakes when I come back to fetch it, he thought. Don't want to dig up the wrong fella.

And now, he thought, things had done happening for a while. In the bungalow he found it cool and pleasant. He had a cup of tea and a smoke, and planned to buy himself some clothes next day. Now he was his own man again.

He could enjoy Timor, realize the beauty and romance of it, the crumbling forts, the curious roofs and spying secret windows. The rich men's houses, buried in green palms where dragon lizards leaped and parrakeets called and flew. The clean air of the hill country, the tribes who danced there under a cold moon, with *gamelan* gongs clanging. Now that he knew he was going to leave it, he coveted Timor.

IT was in a similar mood that Fayar found him, a couple of days after the funeral. She had spent the intervening time locked up in her father's house, from which, with the help of a gold bracelet or two and a little bribery, she had managed to escape. Paler than usual she looked, as she peeped into the open doorway; and when Bill saw her, all wound in golden silk, with gold in her hair, gold jingling on her ankles, something seemed to give way in his heart—some image, half forgotten, to fade out of sight.

"Sunrise!" he said. "They named you well." Then, dropping inevitably into his own speech: "Best bit of skirt south of the Line—come in and bless me!"

Fayar said, looking over her shoulder: "Another day, Owstralie. I have come to tell you something. The steamer is in."

"Well?"

"And an old lady came with it. A fine old lady, like a princess."

"What have I to do with old ladies?"

"She was the mother of that Gonzalez. She wept—oh, she wept—when they told her he was dead. She was going on to Dilly to try and see him. She did not know he had escaped."

"Well?" He could see that more lay behind.

"She said—" Fayar hesitated, looked keenly at Blake. It seemed as though she were trying to read his very soul. "She said she must at once dig up the grave and take the body with her back to Portugal."

The cat's paw! The cat's paw again! Back on the mouse that thought it had escaped.

Blake did not swear. He looked at Fayar, not understanding why she should be so agitated, and dully said, "That's bad news for me."

"But," she began, hesitated, and went on, still watching him. "But—you will not go away now, Owstralie?"

"If they dig the coffin up, and find six thousand pounds' worth of ambergris in it instead of the late Mr. Gonzalez," he said, "I'm not likely to get much but a term in jail."

Fayar waived that. Jail did not terrify her, it seemed. She came up to Blake where he sat on the cottage floor, pressed a passionate kiss upon the thick yellow locks that never would lie quite flat on the top of his head, and, deftly evading his arms, said, "Good-by; I come back."

Blake lit another cigarette and began to smoke again. He would get out of Timor as soon as he could. It might be the finest place on earth, but he wasn't going to stay where he was a pauper, even if a princess all made of gold stood beckoning to him. In the last resort, he supposed one could stow away on some ship or other. Curse the whole thing, the whole place!

He sat there till the sun went down, dispiritedly thinking. He did not see what he could do. By now the grave would be opened and his irreverent ruse discovered; the precious ambergris, no doubt, confiscated in the name of the crown.

As for the girl—

(Continued on page eighteen)

Once again "The Rhapsody in Blue" *... and* PHILCO *brings* Paul Whiteman *right into your home*

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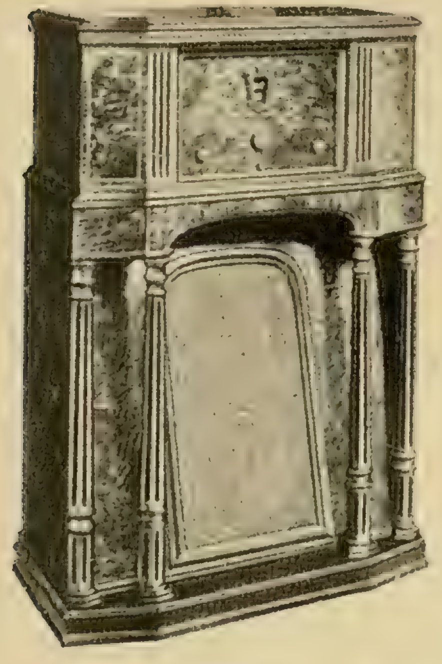

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(Continued from page sixteen)

"Fayar," he said to himself musingly. It was a pretty name, a pretty meaning. "Fayar!"

The word might have been a spell; for there she was back again, and crying—he had not believed that Fayar could cry. She did not kiss him this time. She kept away, half up the steps, half down, tears running down her golden cheeks, her hands clasped on her breast in an exquisite gesture of despair. "The steamer," she said, "is not yet gone."

"What is the matter?" he asked, rising and moving toward her.

She went back a step or two. "I will tell the truth," she said, wiping her eyes with the edge of her silken sarong. "All the truth. And then you can go away by the boat. I meant to keep it to myself, and never—and never— But then you looked so sad, when I peeped and saw you just now, that I could not bear it."

She advanced a step up the stairs. "It is true that the Senhora Gonzalez was but now down at the cemetery. Men came with her, and they raised the coffin, and rolled it in sheets of lead, and carried it away."

"They didn't open it?"

"No."

Blake was not especially relieved. "All the same," he said, "I have lost the treasure."

"No, no! I ran—so fast! I ran and got there first."

"You ran—"

"To the cemetery. And I changed the numbers on the graves. If she had opened the coffin with the number, she would have found that half-caste man who died the day before, and you know, Owstralie, that in this country, after two or three days, one dead man is the same as another."

"Yes," agreed Bill, shuddering over certain gruesome recollections.

"But she did not even do that. With the coffin rolled in lead, they went away. And in the next grave lies your treasure, for you to take when you like—today if you will. And I know that you will go away on the boat—" She could not continue; her hands were up before her eyes, and her tears running fast between slim fingers heavy with gold.

BILL made two springs down the stairway, and caught her in his arms. "Little darling, little fool!" he cried. "Did you not know that if I had the money I would stay—with you?"

He was quite sure now that he had always meant to do so. And it was unnecessary to explain to this sobbing, kissing creature that, in any case, he would not have dared to board the Dutch boat in possession of a lump of ambergris as big as himself.

"I'll get it when it's safe," he epitomized. "And I'll stay—stay in the loveliest island in the world, with the loveliest girl."

With her arms tight about him, he drew her up the stairway and into the cottage. . . .

The Dutch Lutheran minister, next evening, could not get away to dinner at the doctor's house on account of a wedding which had been notified some hours before and had not yet come off. The bridegroom, a mere beach comber of no special account, had arrived and was waiting impatiently on the veranda. But the bride, some girl with a Chinese name—one could not be expected to know all about all the Ching Loos and Hock Sings of the quarter—was late. Very late. The bridegroom seemed to have given up hope of her coming. Almost, the reverend gentleman began to think, there would be a chance of keeping his engagement.

"If she does not turn up in ten minutes," Blake was saying, when one of the pastor's native servants came up the steps.

"*Tuan,*" he said, "I may bring the motor round for you, may I? There is not going to be any wedding."

"What's that you say?" demanded Blake, wheeling on him.

"There cannot be a wedding," the man said roughly, "when the bride has been seen going away very fast to the mountains in the rajah's motor car three hours before."

"If you are telling lies—" Blake began, advancing.

THE Malay did not give ground. "Why should I tell lies? My sister, Kudu's sweetheart, told me all about it. Fayar went past about five o'clock, lying back in the car with a veil over her face, and Kudu was beside her, and I think her feet were tied, so if she jumped out she could not go far. They have been in Lombuka palace hours and hours."

Bill, with white face, said, "Get me a motor car or I'll kill someone."

"You will do nothing of the kind in a respectable Dutch colony," the pastor said. "The rajah knows what he is about, and if, as it seems, the girl was his fiancée, you have got only what you deserve."

The Malay added to this: "And, *tuan,* it is well for man, if he wants to fish, to go fishing in home waters. I have heard," he added, with the same insolent tone, "that the fishing is very good about the coasts of Owstralie."

He ought to have been knocked down. One part of Bill knew that; but the other part knew he was defeated.

It was, as the Malay plainly told him, too late.

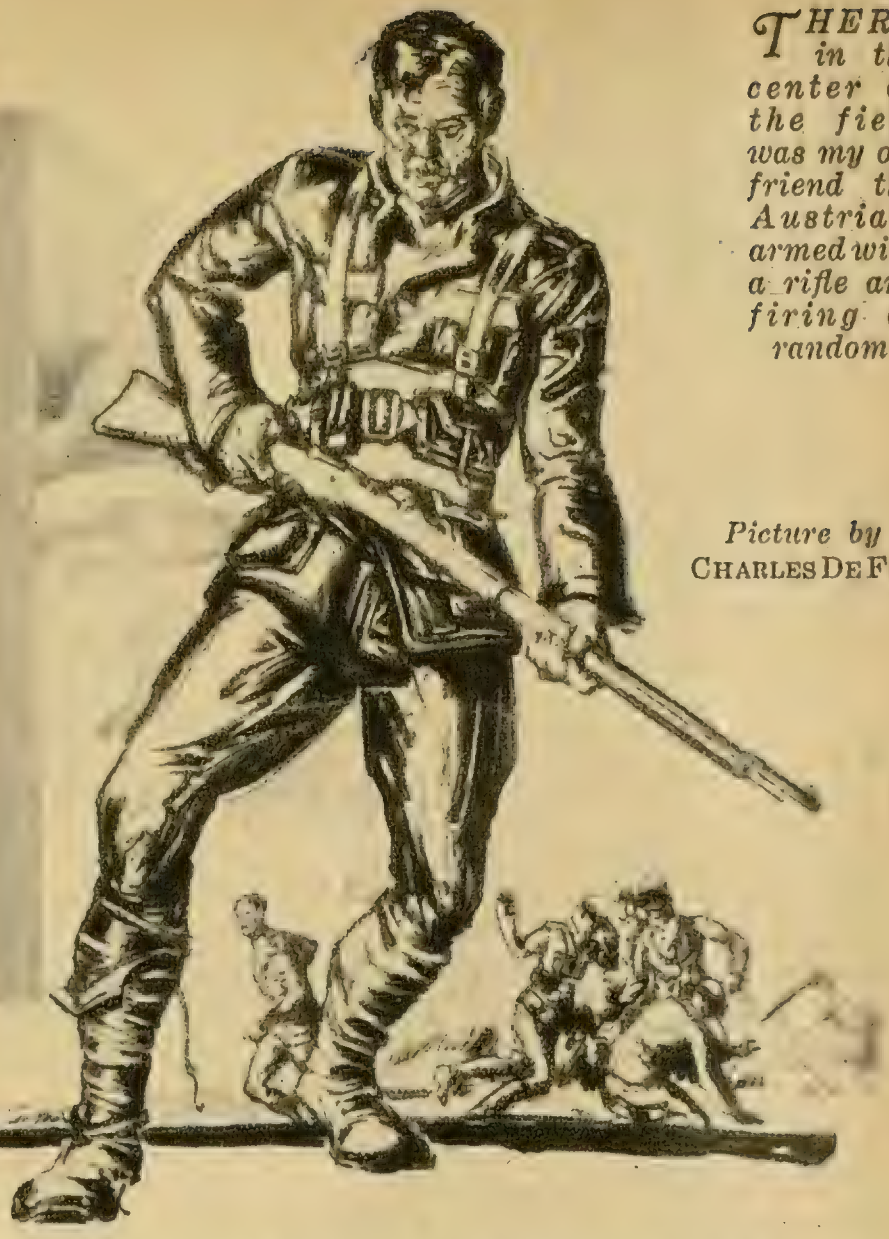
Ringgits in his pockets, in the house. Silver ringgits. Price of the ambergris sample that had made so much trouble. Enough to take him back third class to Australia, anyhow.

After all, he'd have the money, when he sent back for it—return he never would. And he would have position, and freedom, and the company of his own kind. And there would be Jean.

But always, he thought, he would remember . . .

THE END

The FOREIGN LEGION -a One-Way Street



THERE in the center of the field was my old friend the Austrian, armed with a rifle and firing at random.

Picture by CHARLES DE FEO

One of Its Bravest Officers, a Cousin of Five Kings, Pictures Life in This Hell-Roaring Refuge of Desperate Men

By

PRINCE AAGE

of DENMARK

(Reading time: 9 min. 55 sec.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Prince Aage is a grandson of King Christian IX of Denmark, and a first cousin of the present King of Denmark, of the King of England, of the King of Norway, of the late Czar of Russia, and of the late King of Greece. In 1923, at thirty-six, he obtained, under the name of Mr. Hage, a commission as a captain in the Foreign Legion and was assigned to a Moroccan unit. He took part in the heaviest fighting of the Riff campaign and was wounded. He has been repeatedly decorated.

IT takes more than thirty nationalities, one thousand and one professions, and God knows how many heartbreaks to form the best fighting unit of the French army.

Five years spent in the desert on the outposts of the French colonial empire may look like a continuous glorious adventure to the readers of sensational novels, but they seem just a narrow channel for escape and a promise of oblivion to those who have come to the end of their rope. It is not accidental that ninety per cent of the officers and soldiers sign up for another term at the expiration of their first five years of service. The truth is that the Foreign Legion is essentially *a one-way street.*

Looking back at the thousands of men that ate, drank, swore, fought, and died by my side in Africa, I cannot recall a single one whose enlistment was in truth prompted solely by the spirit of adventure. It is not advisable to believe all the stories told by the legionnaires.

A Saturday night spent by a credulous civilian in the mess room of the Legion would lead him to believe that the whole population of Germany consists of the victors of the Battle of Tannenberg and that every second inhabitant of the United States presides over the destinies of a powerful banking institution. Nowhere else in the world, with the possible exception of the U. S. Marine Corps, could one spend a Saturday night in an atmosphere of such superlatives.

Then comes the dawn—the gray dawn of a remorseful Sunday. The "son of an American multimillionaire" wakes up with a ferocious headache. Listening to the heavy snore of a "might-be German general," he thinks of a different Sunday in Monte Carlo—the morning after he dropped at the roulette tables of the Casino every cent of the money intrusted to him by his employers. He knows only too well that when he reaches the end of his five years' term he will be certain to take another fling at the wheel with the aid of the modest bonus granted by the Legion. Then he will return to Sidi-bel-Abbès and reënlist, to find the "German general" there before him.

Fortunately for a new recruit's peace of mind, no questions are ever being asked by the legionnaires.

"Sooner or later," my orderly, Gerlach, explained to me when I was a novice, "they will all come out with their weird tales. It is just a question of time and wine. But one thing's sure: unless and until you feel like unbosoming, nobody, not even a swine that was twice court-martialed for desertion, would ever dare ask you for your real name or the reasons of your presence in Morocco."

Gerlach knew. Nothing pertaining to the legion had remained alien to that rawboned, middle-aged German whose own story was tragi-comic in the extreme.

In the beginning there was a girl. A pink-cheeked buxom German girl betrothed to the stalwart soldier serving in the Royal Saxon Artillery. His military service over, Gerlach took a job in the mines of the Ruhr. In three years, he figured, he would save enough money to buy a house overlooking the Rhine, where he and his Gretchen could raise a new generation of Saxon artillerymen. But his Gretchen did not wait three years for him; she married another man.

Gerlach very humanly got drunk and wrecked a couple of cafés. Then he crossed the border into France and enlisted in the Legion.

When I first led my company in a bayonet attack against the Riffs, in the month of May, 1923, I was naturally nervous and was looking back every minute to see whether all those Germans, Russians, Britishers, and Americans were prepared to die for the greater glory of the French flag. Suddenly I felt a hand touching my sleeve. I turned and saw Gerlach.

" Don't you worry, captain," he said under his breath, running side by side with me, " those fellows will follow you all right. Just show them the example."

Two weeks later Gerlach gave another proof of his remarkable loyalty. I suppose he saved my life.

Since the early morning we had been under steady fire. When the orders came to pile loose rocks into low wall-like breastworks, I was sent forward with a unit of machine gunners to cover this operation. For the moment I forgot the Riff sharpshooters, and was standing erect looking over the field. Something happened to me and I fell headlong. Half-consciously I touched my knees, looking for blood. And then I heard the voice of Gerlach:

" Think you are wounded, captain? I simply gave you a good bang with the butt of my rifle. Are you crazy, exposing your six feet four to those bloody murderers! "

For twenty-nine days out of every thirty I could count on getting my dinner on time, on seeing my boots highly polished, on finding my clothes cleaned and pressed. The thirtieth day, being the pay day of the Legion, was dedicated by Gerlach to the memory of the pink-cheeked German girl. Coming back to my tent after the morning drill, I would find his numerous medals—received by him for unsurpassed bravery in action—lying on the table. He knew he would be fighting drunk by evening, and he wanted to spare his medals the ultimate disgrace of seeing their possessor arrested and humiliated.

My wife arrived in Morocco and took a cottage at Rabat, on the Atlantic coast, where I was able to visit with her each Saturday. She was accompanied by an Italian maid, middle-aged and ugly. One look at her reassured me that no man in the world could be tempted to court her.

ALAS! Such was not the opinion of Gerlach. He fell in love instantaneously, recklessly, and passionately. He sighed. He grieved. He helped her peel potatoes. He pretended a liking for Italian cooking. Every day he mailed her sentimental post cards.

After four weeks of passive resistance the maid complained to my wife. She wanted to be protected against a possible attack by " that German monster."

Laughable as the whole thing was, I had to ask Gerlach not to accompany me on my week-end trips to Rabat. He said nothing. Just went crimson red.

Returning to my quarters in Meknes next Monday, I found my tent in a state of complete disorder, and a note written in an almost illegible scrawl:

My dear Captain,

You have been very kind to me but your hair tonic has a foul taste. It drives me crazy. I stole your service pistol. Don't bother looking for my body. You won't find it.

Gerlach.

I did find his body. It was lying in an abandoned quarry on the outskirts of Meknes, dressed in parade uniform, with medals properly adjusted and boots highly polished. It was obvious that Gerlach wanted to confront his Maker in the manner befitting a proud legionnaire and an honorably discharged gunner of the Royal Saxon Artillery. For all he knew, there might be a job for a good reliable orderly in the Great Beyond.

I still have in front of my eyes the image of a gigantic Austrian bully with the shoulders of a Hercules. He had made quite a reputation for himself by causing trouble to a generation of Legion officers.

In the beginning I tried to bring him to his senses by means of persuasion only. I failed dismally. He just stood and glared. After a month of it I became tired of the sound of my own voice and had the Austrian put in the pen for the usual term of twenty-four hours.

The very next morning—we were then building a highway—my sergeant reported that he refused to work. I found him sitting on a large stone, smoking.

" Stop that nonsense at once," I began quietly. " Go back to your job."

" I won't. Don't feel like working."

" Very well," I said. " Sergeant, put this man in the field prison."

The field prison is a small tent pitched on barren ground, where the culprits have to crouch animal-like, deprived of comforts. Usually they are fed, but in this case I instructed the sergeant to call me each time the ration was about to be passed to the bully.

THUS, the next morning I confronted him with a big bowl of steaming soup in my hands.

" Are you ready to resume working? "

" I am not. I shall never work again."

" Very well. No work, no soup."

Around noontime of the third day he gave in. I led him to the highway and, tracing with my stick a square on the ground, said:

" When he is through digging this out, sergeant, let him eat, but not a second before that."

For several weeks all was quiet in my company. Then pay day came. Shortly before midnight I was awakened by the crack of a rifle. Jumping out of my tent, I found the camp in a state of utter confusion—and there, in the center of the field, was my old friend, the Austrian bully, firing at random. It took four soldiers to overpower and handcuff him. When he sobered up, he begged my forgiveness in such pathetic fashion that, ignoring the advice of the sergeant, I ordered his release. That same night he disappeared, to be found a week later wandering stark naked and hopelessly drunk. This time he was court-martialed.

Fate brought us together once more under somewhat different circumstances. In May, 1925, I received orders to attack a Riff position which was considered practically impregnable, and to take it " at no matter what cost." After six hours of continuous assaults our casualties had mounted to almost half my battalion. While the survivors took shelter behind a low stone wall, our wounded remained in the open field. It would have been sheer suicide to attempt bringing them in.

Darkness fell and their groans grew louder. It was unbearable. Looking right and left, I noticed a shadowy form moving slowly toward the open field. It finally reached the nearest batch of wounded. Another eternity passed, and then I recognized the Austrian bully carrying a human bundle on his back. Before I could say a word to him he deposited the wounded legionnaire on our side of the wall and started again for no man's land. Eight times he repeated his act. As he was about to return for the ninth time, they got him.

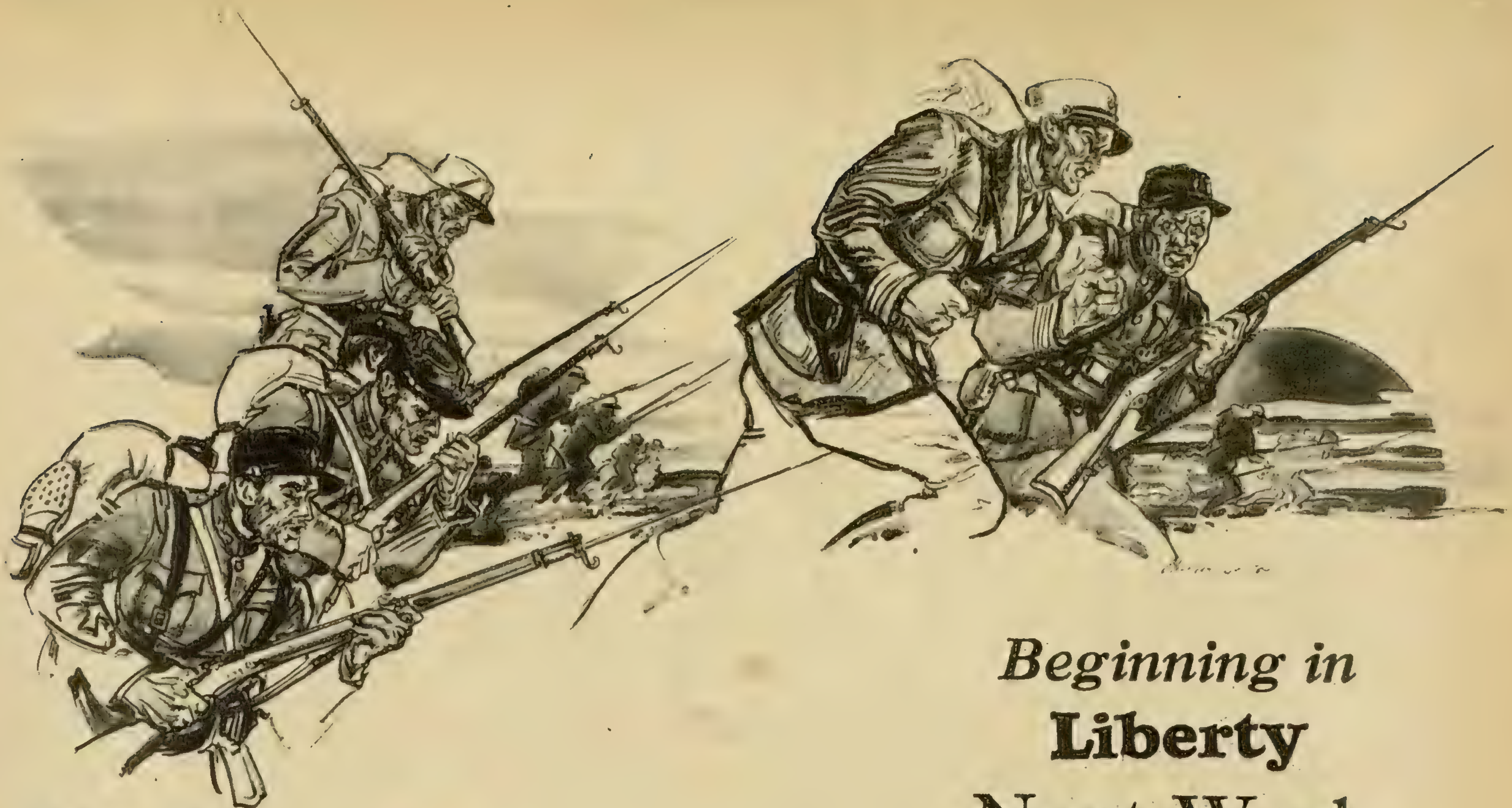
That was too much for me. " If I don't come back, you will assume command," I whispered to the sergeant. I did bring back the Austrian, but he was dead.

They do not go in for sentimental epitaphs on soldier graves in Morocco. Otherwise I would have liked to see " He lived and died like a legionnaire " written on the tombstone of the Austrian bully.

Can legionnaires be reformed? Can better results be achieved by substituting mildness for court-martial and military jails? No, no, and no!

As they say in Morocco: " The legionnaires will fight like tigers. The legionnaires will die like the early Christians. But at the same time the legionnaires will drink and riot like the lowest blackguards known on any continent. And thus it shall be till hell freezes over."

THE END



Beginning in
Liberty
Next Week

Hell Hounds!

THE FIRST INSIDE REVELATION OF THE FOREIGN LEGION

The Most Vivid Story of Its Kind Ever Published

By

EX-LEGIONNAIRE 1384

In Collaboration with

W. J. BLACKLEDGE

IN his kit ex-Legionnaire 1384 has the Croix de Guerre, the Medal of Morocco, the Medal of Syria, the Rashya Medal.

On his back he has the scars of innumerable floggings; on his wrists and ankles the marks of prison irons.

He is an Englishman. His sidekick in the Legion was an American soldier of fortune; his sweetheart was a princess of the Jebel Druses; his deadliest enemy was a fiendish sergeant from Spain.

He saved his squadron from butchery—and refused promotion.

He faced eight years in dungeons for desertion with "murder"—and escaped.

His story is inscribed on the rolls of the Legion; his deeds and torments are recorded against his number—1384; and the battles he fought in are history! From first to last the narrative is a tale of gripping drama, intense suffering, and unbridled emotion. It describes:

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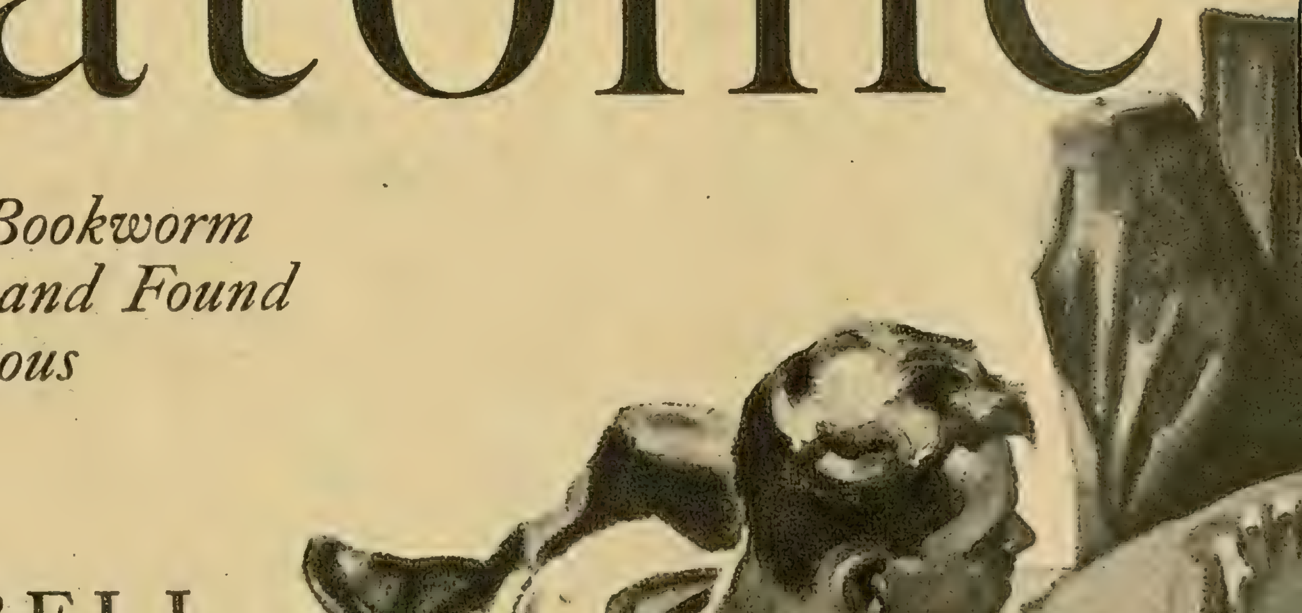
A Night of Debauchery—Besieged by the Druses—Victory and Decorations—The Massacre of Mezzra Bowl—Loot and Rapine in Galilee—Desertion Plans—The Temple of the Golden Calf—The Five-Mile Flight—Capture.

To Die at Dawn—The Consulates—The Black Hole of Damascus—Convict Mutiny—Marseilles and Freedom. Read it!

Strictly Platonic

The Romance of a Bookworm Who Lost His Goat and Found Himself Famous

By JOSEPH CAMPBELL



HIS legs caught Cobb in a body scissors, locked him, twisted, and squeezed. Cobb groaned.

(Reading time: 21 minutes 10 seconds.)

ACROSS the campus from the Gothic gym was the Georgian red-brick Philosophy Building, where Old Dittman spent his office hours filling an oblong book-lined room with a stinking brand of tobacco smoke. By a window he sat with his long thin legs crossed; a saxophone pipe curled down against his silky graying beard.

Jim Weston sat in a hamstrung chair, watching him; a big-shouldered young fellow, threadbare in his dark suit, his shoes down at the heels.

Old Dittman said: "So I can't advise you, Weston, to be too stubborn about this thing."

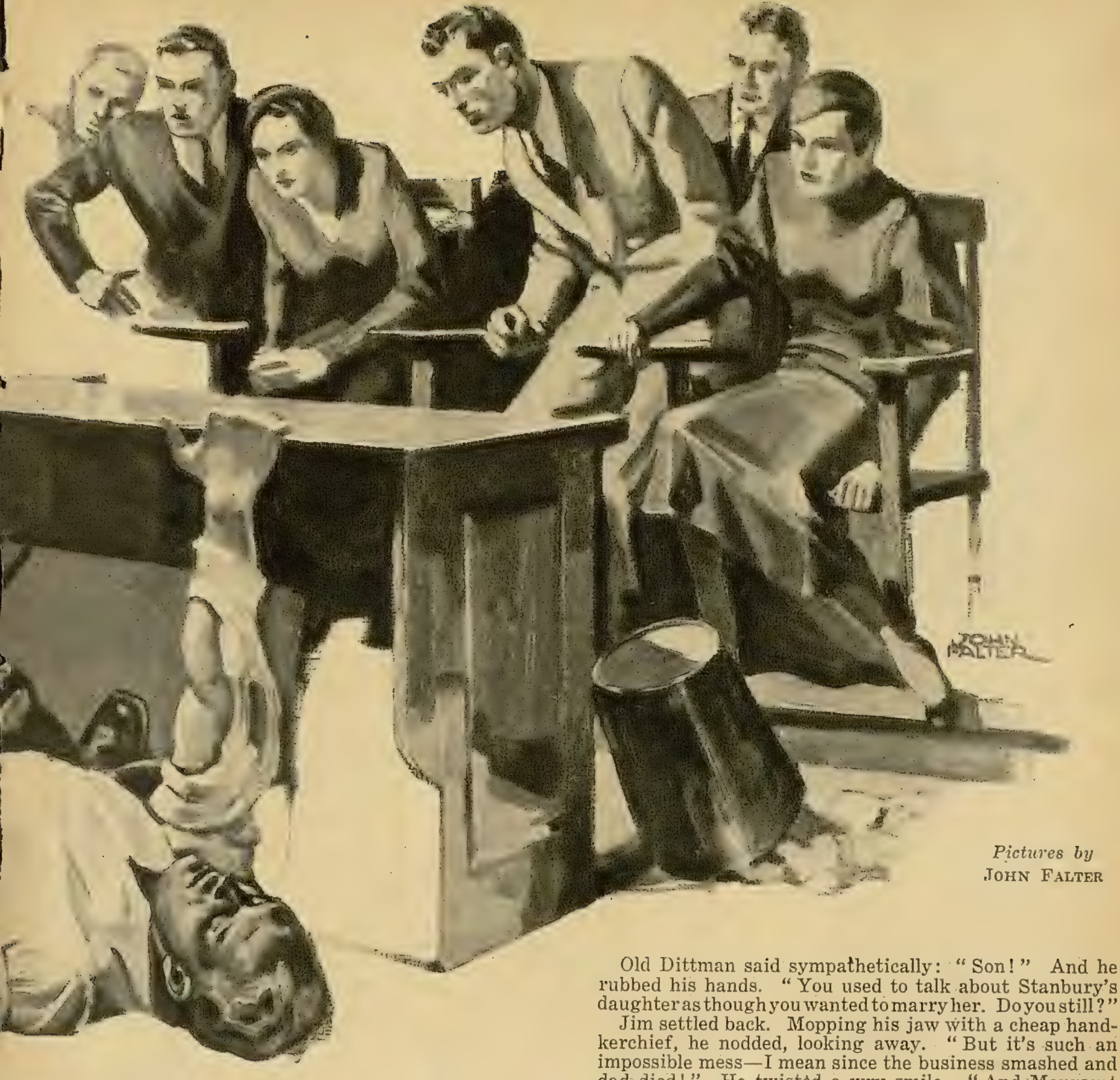
Old Dittman frowned. "I like your ideals—and—well—your spunk; but, just the same, Weston, your attitude seems to *me* to be altogether injudicious."

Jim opened his broad hands. "But why is it injudicious?"

The old smoky man smacked and rumbled. "Because, Weston, these fellows have the power and will to break you." He pointed with the moist stem of his pipe, rounding his eyes.

"This football crowd's been closing around our throats here like a garrote. You ought to know, Weston—you played for them yourself once. They're fanatics. They've a stadium now worth more than any three buildings on the campus. They've a coach—my Lord, they pay him more than any ten professors! They've the alumni, the students, the trustees on their side; so they're the masters, that's all." Dittman settled back. "And we? You and I? The mere professors?" He answered himself rhetorically: "We're the hired bits of camouflage stuck around to give an athletic club the complexion of a college."

Jim said: "But, sir!" He rubbed his neck. "We can't just let these fellows wipe their feet on—on schol-



Pictures by
JOHN FALTER

arship—on everything Wilton College used to stand for! Now *can* we? Why *have* these eligibility rules if we're not to flunk a football man when he flunks?"

Dittman was impatient. "Those rules are part of the camouflage. Those rules don't mean a thing when a man like Cobb comes into question. Do you realize who he is?"

"Yes," Jim answered, "I realize. All-American halfback two seasons in a row."

Dittman nodded, looking grim. "Tickets for this game are going at fifty dollars apiece because it's Larry Cobb's last game. And now your flunk makes him ineligible. Weston, they'll kill you! *Kid* these playboys, an't you? No use just being stubborn."

"But I'm *not* just being stubborn." Jim argued sincerely. "We can't hand Wilton over to that gang, sir. Now *can* we? Not for Cobb or anyone else!"

Dittman eyed Jim. "Not even for Bob Stanbury?"

Jim flushed.

Now the Wilton College chapel bells pealed out from their chaste white belfry, summoning two thousand respectful students from the dormitories, libraries, and fraternity houses to the great religious exercise of the week—the football rally in the stadium back of the gym!

Old Dittman said sympathetically: "Son!" And he rubbed his hands. "You used to talk about Stanbury's daughter as though you wanted to marry her. Do you still?"

Jim settled back. Mopping his jaw with a cheap handkerchief, he nodded, looking away. "But it's such an impossible mess—I mean since the business smashed and dad died!" He twisted a wry smile. "And Margaret isn't the kind to be able to struggle along on a few hundred a year, so we're keeping it a kind of—well, a kind of Platonic arrangement till I can earn something." He looked up. "Her father saw how it was. He offered me a job once—insurance. I couldn't go it at all."

"My Lord!" exploded Dittman. "You passed up a job like *that!* With *Stan*bury! And yesterday you told Cobb you were handing in a flunk for him. Well, Stanbury's the big brother who found Cobb on a high-school team and put him on the pay roll. Stanbury's one of the big trustees, you know."

"I know," Jim answered flatly.

"Well, and he's sort of a hero too—professional alumnus, you might say. Always around the coaches—keeping up the old fraternity noises. Your fraternity, by the way—am I right?"

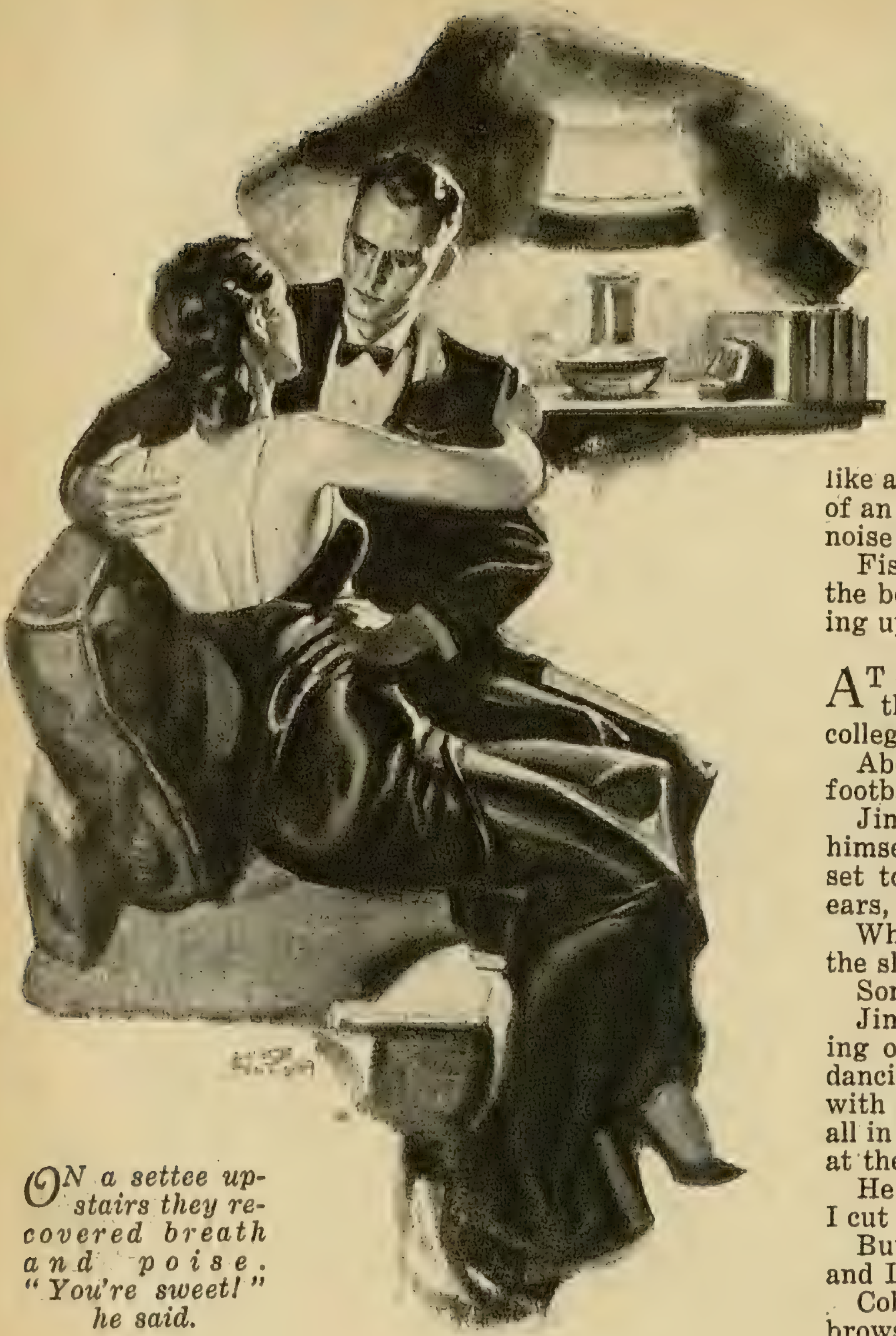
"Right," said Jim, disquieted.

"With the whole crowd on his side he can probably fire you."

"I've a contract."

"They can get around a contract. They can frame you—get you to spill the beans yourself."

"Oh, they can't do that."



On a settee upstairs they recovered breath and poise. "You're sweet!" he said.

Dittman was grim. "The wheels are moving, Weston. This morning Stanbury phoned me, raging like a bull; declared he's stopping at absolutely nothing to get Cobb into this game."

Jim could see that things were black. From the stadium came zooming the rhythms of a zip-boom-bah where cheer leaders flung megaphones and swung in concerted action.

"Well"—Jim clenched his fists on his knees—"I'm not afraid of losing a job, sir."

Old Dittman asked: "How long since you graduated? Three years is it, Weston?"

Jim answered with a stiff voice: "Three years ago last June, sir."

DITTMAN polished his nose. "So till we gave you this instructor's job you lived on nearly nothing for three years."

"Oh, it wasn't quite as bad as that." Jim frowned at the nails of his thumbs. "Dad left me a couple of thousand."

Dittman considered his pipe. "He died the month after you graduated. But you kept right on here, working like a dog for your Ph. D."

"Well—"

"Like a dog, Weston; *I know.* Without that bull physique of yours you'd probably have gone under. You eat work—you lose yourself completely in your work." He cleared his throat. "Weston, the faculty have decided—absolutely decided—to offer you—offer you for next year the Liddel Traveling Fellowship. Paris—Munich—Berlin! You'll work with the biggest men in your field. You'll come back thoroughly fitted out."

"Lord!" Jim said. "Gosh!"

"Three thousand dollars," Dittman continued. "On that, you and your—your wife could live two years abroad at *least.* But if you let these fellows *fire* you"—he lifted his fist and thundered—"you'll lose that fellowship flat!"

He faced Jim, pipe in his fist. "Weston! It's outrageous to throw away a chance like this because some—some thick-headed chump doesn't happen to know a mess of facts he'll never want to know *any*how!"

Jim made a helpless gesture. "But, sir," he said, "it's the *principle* of the thing!"

Dittman exploded. "Principles be *damned,* Weston. Will Cobb know an ounce more? Will this football club reform, do you think? You're like a dumb heathen throwing your life into the fat jaws of an idol, that's what you are, Weston, for all your pious noise about ideals."

Fists shoved into his pockets, Dittman stamped off to the bookshelves. There he stood, grumping and breathing up at the books.

AT eleven, his heart thumping in his ears, Jim entered the Alpha Beta Mu house and an enchanted realm of collegiate love and intrigue.

About a punch bowl in the hall were a number of pious football votaries.

Jim was startled to discover among them Stanbury himself—resplendent in a shirt front—with that firm set to his massive head, that touch of gray above his ears, that episcopal look in his eyes.

When Stanbury saw Jim, he set the glass down, plucked the sleeve of a neighbor, turned about, and was gone.

Something was up.

Jim hunted for Margaret. He spied her, at last, beaming over a shoulder, trying to catch his eye. She was dancing away, a perfectly splendid creature, tall, lithe, with athletic shoulders broader than her hips. She was all in black, and her chestnut hair was caught into a knot at the back of her neck.

He pushed out and touched her partner's arm. "May I cut in?"

But, holy cat! It was Larry Cobb! *Football* season, and Larry Cobb at a dance!

Cobb was a magnificent blond with fine straight eyebrows, straight nose, and square jaw. Though he was only six foot one, he seemed to tower over everyone. And he could slap your back and josh you with just enough condescension.

Margaret detached Cobb and let herself into Jim's arms. Then:

"Thank you *so* much, Larry," she said. And with Jim she danced away.

They saw the fellow storming off to the punch bowl.

On a settee upstairs they recovered breath and poise. Jim was excited, with the marvelous girl and her perfume so close to him.

"You're sweet!" he said.

She kissed his ear Platonically.

Presently they could talk.

She said: "Jim, dear, don't you think that—well—that if you tried again a *little* bit you could make a go of insurance?"

"Has something happened, Peg?"

She bit her lips. Then she was suddenly in his arms. "Oh, Jim, it's dad! You know how he's been ever since you gave up insurance. Why can't I open my eyes? he asks. Shall I spend my whole life waiting around for a bookworm to get rich? Oh, Jim, you know the way he talks."

Jim squeezed her hand.

"Jim," she continued softly, "do you think I could marry anyone else—anyone but you?"

Jim felt his throat tighten. He tried to kiss her eyes.

"Jim, can't we get away? Run away to Europe or something? Live in a little flat somewhere alone?"

She was in his arms.

But they were snapped out of the clouds when a sudden voice cracked out. Stanbury's voice: "Jim Weston!"

Stanbury moved across to him. “Jim,” he said, “will you come upstairs? I'd like to have a talk.”

And there was Cobb, like a stuffed policeman, tremendous in the door.

Margaret looked frightened. She had evidently sensed the threat. She gripped Jim by the hand.

Jim set his teeth. Giving his Peggy's hand a squeeze, he followed them out.

Upstairs, in a stuffy room, Jim sat in a broken Morris chair and Stanbury shut the door. Cobb stayed below. Jim had a job on his hands, and he knew it. By a table gashed with initials he sat. The room was a tumble of neckties, sweat shirts, and oilskins, four double-decker iron beds, and photographs of dizzy-looking girls.

“Now what's the big idea, Jim? You trying to go high-hat on us?”

The question had the quality of a threat. Jim tried to restrain himself. “I don't know what you mean,” he said.

Stanbury doubled his fist, then abruptly broke into a smile.

“Jim! Remember old times? Eh, Jim boy?” He was dragging up a chair. He settled astride, leaning over the back, and being pals. “You used to be a good egg, Jim. What's got into you? Gone cuckoo, Jim?”

Jim began to feel his gorge rise.

STANBURY clapped his shoulder, produced a cigarette case, and offered a smoke. Jim refused. Stanbury took one for himself and tapped the cigarette on the top of the case, advising: “Now, Jim,” he said, “you got to realize it's for the glory of old Wilton, boy. What's a couple of damn' fool questions? Think of old Larry out there on that field—smashing into that line—eh, Jim? Headlines! Think of the advertising!” Stanbury was in earnest. “Jim,” he said, “you got to realize Cobb's done more for old Wilton than all the old profs in the place. He *has!* Looka here now, Jim! Sit down.”

Jim had to walk.

“All right—stand up, then. But listen.” Stanbury flourished his cigarette and gripped the back of his chair. “Larry's a national hero, Jim boy. Headlines, all the news reels, *millions* of unseen radio fans, Jim, all over the country.

“Why, he's bigger almost than Lindy—or even Rudy Vallée! Jim, they're *crazy* about him—all over the country.”

Jim couldn't hold himself. “All right,” he said, “but what of it?”

“Well, Lord, Jim—can't you see?”

“No.”

“Looka here, then, now. Sit down.”

Jim shrugged, kicked a gin bottle, and sat down.

“Now, Jim, see here. Suppose you flunk Larry—just suppose, say. Well, and all over the country it goes—millions of unseen radio fans, Jim—headlines all over the place.” Stanbury squinted, leaning back, and he drew a line in the air with his cigarette. “‘Faculty Rules Old Larry

Impertinent but Important

—HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY ?

Come now, admit it; YOU DON'T KNOW.

You don't know because halitosis (unpleasant breath) rarely announces its presence to the victim.

You undoubtedly like to believe that your breath is sweet and agreeable, but statistics prove that the chances are against it. Almost everyone is afflicted with halitosis at one time or another, for the reason that 90% of halitosis is caused by fermentation of tiny bits of food skipped by the tooth brush.

The fastidious and intelligent thing to do is to rinse the mouth with Listerine—then you *know* your breath cannot offend. Listerine cleanses and sweetens the mouth, halts fermentation, the cause of breath odors, and immediately overcomes the odors themselves.

Tests show that Listerine instantly conquers odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 12 hours. Listerine's taste is so pleasant, too; conspicuously absent is that bitter, metallic after flavor that characterizes mouth washes so harsh they must be diluted.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Slip it in the bag when you travel, and in the side pocket of your car when you motor. It is your assurance that you will be welcome to others. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

twice a day use **LISTERINE**

THE QUICK DEODORANT WITH THE PLEASANT TASTE

Cobb Ineligible!' Can you see it, Jim? See what it'd do to Wilton?"

"What'd it do to Wilton?" Jim said.

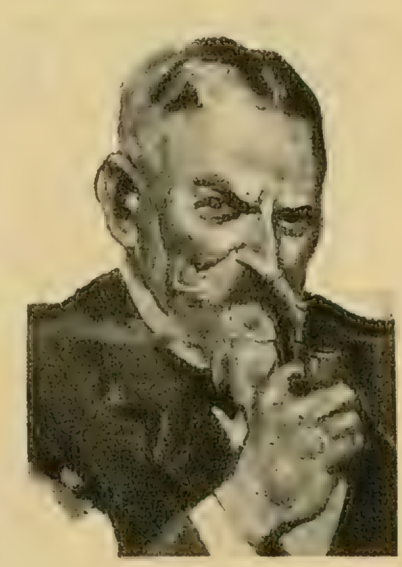
Stanbury acted amazed. "Why, it'd give us a fine black eye!" he roared. "Looka here now. We'll just take—take a young chap thinking of coming here to school. Suppose he's a triple-threat man—we'll just take that for instance. Be a dandy first-rate asset. Just the kind of a boy we want. He sees how a faculty ruling broke old Larry here at Wilton. So what does he do?"

"*Go* on!" Jim urged. "What does he do?"

"Well, he doesn't *come*, that's what." Stanbury leaned at him, excited. "He goes off some place where a guy can play *without* a faculty ruling."

"Where's that?" Jim demanded.

Stanbury growled at the cigarette. "I'm not saying anything, Jim, but—but that's where this fellow goes." Stanbury stood up. "And we lose a healthy lot like that, too—all because this faculty here's so high-hat about questions." He began pleading. "How can you ask a coach to build up a team if he hasn't *men?* And how can you *get* any men, Jim, if your blasted faculty ruling goes and frightens them all away? A bunch of bookworms, that's what you'll get. And you can't go building a football team out of bookworms. Understand?"



"Well, I'm sorry," Jim said decisively, "but you'll have to do without Cobb."

Stanbury squinted uncertainly; then he grinned. "Say now, Jim, listen," with expansive friendliness. "Couldn't you take old Larry's paper and look at it some new way so's maybe it'd make sense?"

Jim was boiling. "I've marked it, and that's that."

Stanbury blinked; then suddenly grinned again. He spoke in a high-pitched wheedling voice: "How'll it look, d'you think, in the headlines? 'Cobb Flunked; Prof in Love with His Girl!' Fine stuff! Pretty family group, eh?"

"Mr. Stanbury," Jim said, "you—you can't frighten me."

Then it burst. Stanbury went livid. "I'm not trying to frighten you. I'm trying to save your job, that's what—and your head from a damn' good beating!" He lifted a big fist. "Margaret's my daughter—and, by gad, I'm not going to have *her* tied to an obstinate damn' fool! I'm not going to have *her* ruined—her and Wilton as well. See? I'm fighting for them both. See? And I know how far I can go, Weston. I *know*. Get that? I *know*. One week from today, Weston, and if Cobb receives that flunk—well, I know what I can do. Get that? I *know*. See? Get that?"

IN Pikeny Hall next morning Jim sat before a multitude arranged in mounting rows, blinking down at him. A door opened and Cobb stalked in—aggressively late; sat in the front row.

A stamping thundered, and Jim knew something was up. A voice rang out from the back of the room: "Mr. Weston!"

"Yes, Mr. Myles," said Jim.

"I wonder, Mr. Weston," the fellow cleared his throat, "would you explain Platonic love?"

Nobody laughed. The eyes were watching.

"Mr. Myles," Jim tilted his head, "in Plato's Symposium you'll be able to study that matter out for yourself."

Mr. Myles insisted: "But I've *read* Plato's Symposium. I can't just make it out! Couldn't you give us just a hint, sir? I've the Symposium right here."

The book came down conspicuously and elaborately from hand to hand. Cobb received it last. He brought it with a serious bow and set it on the desk.

The thing was organized. Jim felt Stanbury behind it. He reached for the book. He turned the pages, and the room was very still. Then he read, with his throat thumping, the banquet speech of Socrates:

"He who aspires to love rightly, ought from his earliest youth to seek an intercourse with beautiful forms, and first to make a single form the object of his love, and therein to generate intellectual excellences."

The room waited—like a panther.

"He ought then to consider that beauty, in whatever form it resides, is the brother of that beauty which subsists in another form. And if he ought to pursue that which is beautiful in form, it would be absurd to imagine that beauty is not one and the same thing in all forms. . . . He would consider the beauty which is in souls more excellent than that which is in form."

"Mr. Weston," Cobb called out, "and is *that* Platonic love?"

Jim warily eyed him.

Cobb didn't attempt to move. He sat with his eyes fixed. He said slowly: "That what you and Peggy were trying to pull on us last night?"

Jim swallowed his gorge. They wanted to get his goat—have him explode—have him disgrace himself!

The roar very steadily died down, and the hall was again in a hush.

COBB spoke again: "Do you like the way she kisses, Mr. Weston? So do I."

Jim, with his blood buzzing, arose. Cobb arose. Jim toppled the desk back. With a crack they flung at each other.

There was more to the thing than bashing in. Everybody was popeyed. Nobody yelled. Nobody could stand up. They sat ranged, panting, with their fists working, teeth clenched. Jim went suddenly over the desk. Cobb flung at his ears. Every wallop resounded.

Jim lay with Cobb on his chest. But his legs were free. Jim moved them. If he could last a bit! He tightened—tightened up everything—his guts, and all his tendons. Then he waited. Then he was set. Up swung his legs with his knees out wide. They swung, and caught Cobb in a body scissors, locked him, twisted, and squeezed. Cobb groaned. Jim's legs were iron bands, under which Cobb's ribs cracked one by one—until darkness filled Jim's eyes. . . .

Jim was used to the sheets by now, and to the prodigious size of his head. The world made little noises, far away, of Margaret moving. She was something pleasant in blue. She sometimes sat by his head, or poured a liquid on to the bandages. Now she came and smiled down at him mildly.

"Well," she said, "two more have come!"

"What day is it?" he asked. "Wednesday?"

Margaret nodded.

"All this mess in less than a day and a half!"

"But it *isn't* a mess, dear."

"It is. It's a damned disgusting mess."

With a noise, the door flung open, and Stanbury came bursting in, immense in the little white room. He wore a splendid light-gray golf suit. He flourished a bunch of envelopes. He roared: "Three more indorsements! Three indorsements and a movie contract! Wow!" He flung them aloft. They scattered down. "Whoopee!"

"Shhh, daddy!" Margaret warned him. "Please!"

But the man was a balloon. "Old son of a gun!" he bellowed. "Mitt me! Put it there! Say! Never saw such a popular win in all my life. Old prof! Old bookworm, you! And you know what I says to Old Dittman? 'Ditt,' I says, 'old sorehead,' I says, 'you won't go blowing *now* about scholars can't get rich, eh?' How's that, Jim? Pretty good, eh?"

Jim swallowed and felt like hell.

Stanbury pranced about the room. "But I don't know where you'd 'a' been, old horse, if we hadn't suppressed the news about that flunk."

Jim tried to sit up. "Suppressed the flunk! Larry's to play?"

Stanbury swung around at his daughter. "*Listen* to him! Get that, Peg?" He gurgled like a Jabberwock. "Say there, old champ, you! Larry's out for *this* season, boy, with a case of broken bones!"

Jim was excited—up on his elbows. "Then what's the big idea?" he demanded. "Who was it suppressed that flunk?"

Stanbury roared: "Nobody suppressed your flunk, man! Hell! Who cares about a flunk? What we suppressed was the *news* of the flunk."

Jim settled back, a little bewildered.

Stanbury mopped his booming jaw. "Cobb's out of that game because Jim Weston—'Old-Time Football Hero'—up and knocked him out. Great stuff, eh? Battle about a girl. Wow!" The Goliath suddenly sobered. "Say, and you know, Jim—the old registrar! Been *flooded* with applications! Every football man in the country! Zip-bing he-man faculty! Even the bookworms at old Wilton have a pair of socking fists, eh? Say, and they've published all your old football records—millions of unseen radio fans, Jim, all over the country . . ."

Stanbury ranted. Jim lay still. Margaret tried to urge her father from the room.

"And, Jim boy, the faculty's out to give you a special honorary degree. Howzat? Any degree you want. Any damned degree you want. Say, boy, believe me—millions . . ."

Margaret got him out. She shut the door. She gathered the envelopes and stacked them on a table against the wall. She came and sat down.

Jim frowned at the ceiling.

"I suppose," said Jim, "the sensible thing would be to accept these offers!"

The girl withheld a smile.

"They come to over a million, Jim—enough to set a family up for life," the girl offered quietly.

Jim turned to smile at her eyes. "Still, we *could* get along on that fellowship! Be cute, kind of, don't you think?"

She leaned and gently kissed his nose.

Jim said: "The millions of unseen radio fans—would they accept, do you think?"

"I think they would. They'd figure they owed it to their children."

"And to their wives."

"Yes."

Jim bit his lower lip. "So it's really the only sensible thing to do!"

She nodded, smiling.

Jim burrowed into the sheets. "Good! Shall we burn them all in a bunch, then?"

Margaret wrinkled her nose. "Oh, no! Let's not!" She patted his paw. It was fine how she understood things. "It'd be so much more delicious one by one!" she said.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What well known modern author was a street-car conductor before becoming famous?

2—In anatomy, what is the medulla?

3—What is pleonasm?

4—What is a sesame in the botanical sense?

5—Who were the Helvetians?

6—Why is a collection of maps called an atlas?

7—What is common to the following: ladybug, bullfinch, cockroach?

8—What island in the Mediterranean gave its name to a domestic fowl?

9—What is an equinox?

10—What is a Quaker gun?

11—What is the meaning of chryselephantine?

12—For how many states does the Mississippi River serve as boundary?

13—What is the origin of the word bonfire?

14—What is a misocapnist?

15—What and where is Rotten Row?

16—What state in the Union is bounded by only one other state?

17—How many square miles in the District of Columbia?

18—What is a mansard roof?

19—From what country did spinach come?

20—What is an o-o?

(Answers will be found on page 61)

Why should a gritty dentifrice be avoided?

(*See page 61 for the answer*)

Give your teeth all-round protection with

SQUIBB'S

the 5-way dentifrice

1 It cleans effectively and *safely*.

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Photo by Pinchot

Let the MAN

By AMELIA

In Which the Famo the Dollar-Sig

Amelia Earhart, Mrs. George Palmer Putnam, was already one of the most distinguished of women aviators when, on May 21-22, she made the first solo flight across the Atlantic by a woman and the fastest Atlantic flight on record. In August she made the first nonstop coast-to-coast flight by a woman—Los Angeles to Newark, N. J.

(Reading time: 12 minutes 5 seconds.)

LET the best man win!

That is the keynote of true American sportsmanship—but does it always work out that way? For a long time I have been thinking that the so-called professional athlete has not been getting a square deal.

I should like to see professional athletes and professional players in every sport admitted to some contests now open only to those of amateur standing.

In golf, open championship matches are held where professionals and amateurs compete with each other. This is also true of flying. Why should it not be true of tennis, swimming, running, or any of the other sports?

Once every four years occur the Olympic Games. Thousands of dollars are expended in gathering together and financing the various teams.

Thousands of dollars are handed out by sports lovers who believe they will see the best in the world in each event, as has been promised them.

But is all this honest?

It does not seem to me that the hundreds of young men and women who are finally sent to the Olympics to bring home the title of World Champion really get the chance they are seeking, or that those who win are always entitled to the honors bestowed upon them, or that the sports lovers really get their money's worth. Watching the past Olympic show, this thought must have occurred to many, as it did to me.

Flying my own plane from the east coast I journeyed to Los Angeles last summer to watch the games. For two weeks I was one little speck in the multitude. With that multitude I laughed, cheered—almost wept—as the pageant of speed and grit and brawn unfolded. It was a spectacle unforgettable. A contest admirably conducted.

But it seemed to me that a gigantic dollar sign hung over the field of activity, barring many of the world's greatest athletes from the competition and stifling the spirit of the Olympic Games.

We, as spectators, came to see the man who could put the shot farthest, run fastest, dive most gracefully. Unless the world's finest are permitted to compete, some of the zest is gone.

Either the Olympics offer us world champions or they do not. As the games are conducted today and have been conducted in the past, many of the swiftest, the strongest, the most skillful athletes are not allowed to compete because they are considered "professionals." And their plight promises to be even more difficult in the future. The line drawn between the amateur and the professional is of necessity a very fuzzy one and is growing fuzzier. Often, I'm sure, the demarcation is so obscure the officials themselves can't know, and certainly the public doesn't

HICKS

THORPE

TOLAN

GRABER

BEST WIN!

EARHART

JONES

McNAUGHTON

Aviatrix Condemns Barrier in Sports

care. In many cases these technicalities seem absurd. If some of them could be abolished, considerable heartache and hard feeling would be eliminated.

As matters stand now, the man who happens to support himself from athletics is barred from the Olympics. Among the spectators may be the man who really deserves one of the titles of world's champion. Because he is making his living teaching athletics he cannot compete. Yet what is more natural or sensible than that a man should choose his profession in the field to which he is best suited?

I realize, of course, that once the differentiation between amateur and professional was for the protection of the amateur. It was argued a man who played golf for a living could practice more than the one who made his by other means, and was therefore too keen a competitor. Time has completely altered this situation, and it is now the tennis and golf amateurs who spend the greater number of hours at their respective games while most professionals are too busy instructing to perfect themselves.

To point the case more clearly, I am going to repeat here a recent conversation that I had with one of the stars in last summer's Olympics, a winner of several running events. This young man said to me:

"Four years from now I hope still to be running. I think I'll be as good then as I am today. But even if I'm better, I won't be able to compete in the Olympics again."

I asked him why not.

"Because I have to make a living," he answered. "I can get a good job as an athletic instructor—the thing I know most about. But if I do it will bar me from amateur competition. Of course, I could teach dentistry or be a plumber—at neither of which I'm any good or could make so much money as at coaching. But those employments at least would leave me still an amateur."

From several other contestants I heard much the same story. It is the old problem of whether or not a hero in athletics stigmatizes his achievement, cheapens his victory, knocks his halo awry when he turns his special talents and ability into a means of livelihood.

It is honest bread and butter that they earn and I cannot see how they are sullying the good name of sports.

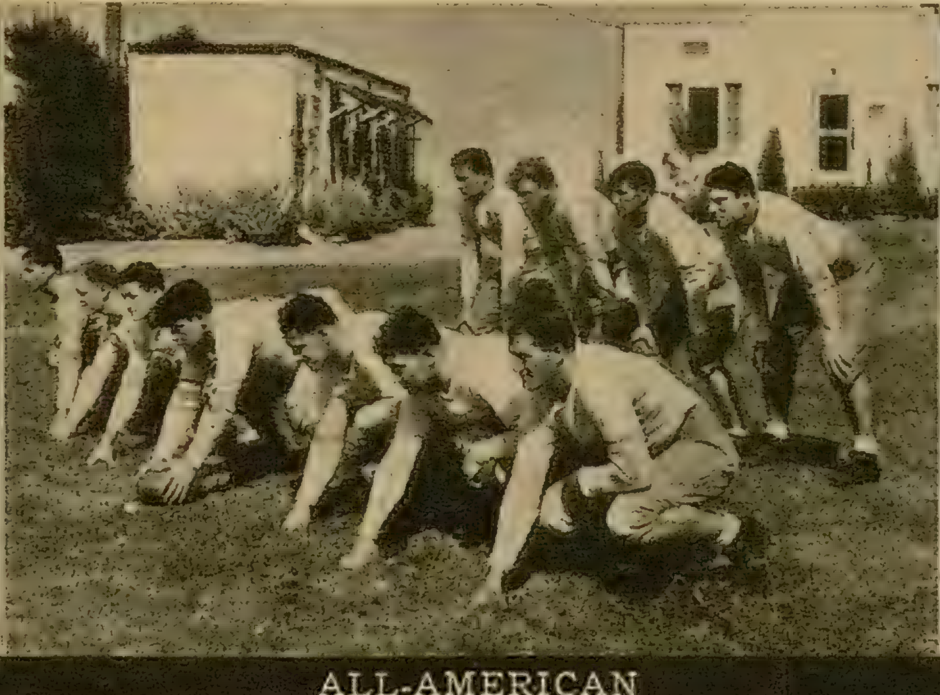
What difference should it make whether a girl diver earns her living as a secretary or teaches other girls swimming? Why should the runner who must make a living and chooses to make it coaching college boys on the track actually be expelled from international competition?

IT does not seem to me even human to ask the athletes to give us gamely the splendid performances they do at the cost of personal sacrifices about which we know nothing and are not even interested in. These boys and girls are not mere trained robots, but human beings.

Unfortunately there has been a certain tendency on the part of the public to consider "professional" synonymous with "crooked." Yet there are few who realize the elasticity of that word "professional." An athlete can suddenly find himself in the professional class without realizing that he has put himself there. You become a professional if you accept any compensation whatsoever connected with athletics—no matter how legitimate the activity may be.

I have in mind the suspension from the amateur ranks of Tilden, a really great tennis player, who described for a newspaper syndicate a Davis Cup series in which he was playing. Tilden has spent years learning all there is

COLEMAN



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● Here is a simple, safe and soothing way to escape from the tortures of insomnia, that brings natural sleep quickly to 9 out of every 10 who try it.

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330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.
Please send me a free sample of Absorbine Jr.

Name____________________

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ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

to know about tennis, he has put his heart and soul into a study of the game. Then why shouldn't he benefit without interruption from that experience and knowledge?

You have doubtless seen the series of motion pictures that Bobby Jones made, showing how certain golf shots are played. Those pictures were both educational and interesting. Naturally Jones was paid for making them. Sports officials called it "teaching" the game, and Bobby Jones could not have competed longer, had he wished to, in amateur tournaments.

If it happened that tennis and golf were sports included in the program of Olympic Games, don't you think that Tilden and Jones should be allowed to take part if they wished to qualify? Shouldn't you, as a spectator, feel slighted if you couldn't watch them play? After all, there's no internal difference between a man who plays for fun and one who plays for reward. Nor does an individual change his character overnight. To believe that all professional sporting events are crooked is as ridiculous as to insist that all amateur athletics are straight.

Recently in Hollywood there was made a motion picture called All American. In it the eleven members of last year's all-American team played parts, and by playing them their amateur standing terminates.

According to the Pacific Coast Conference rules, local collegians may work as extras in motion pictures, receive the modest wages of extras, and still remain amateurs. However, if they are paid more than the prevailing rate (just now ten dollars a day), they are considered as capitalizing their athletic prowess and are branded "professionals." Or if they allow their names to be used in connection with the motion picture, they again slip over the mysterious borderline and are no longer amateurs.

It is said that some athletes who work in motion pictures have very large expense accounts. How true this is I do not know. If whispered comments can be believed, it was a similar action that barred the great Nurmi, that incomparable runner, from further amateur competition. Nurmi came to official grief because of excessive personal expenditures while on a European amateur athletic trip.

I DO not condone Nurmi's act. I do feel that the regulations which make such situations possible are not right.

Remember Jim Thorpe?

Back in 1912 he won the decathlon at Stockholm with an amazing score. Among the many prizes that came to him were a magnificent jeweled cup from the Czar of Russia and a valuable token from the King of England. All of these prizes were taken away from Thorpe. Today they are reposing in the Olympic headquarters in Sweden. Why?

Two years after Thorpe's triumph somebody unearthed the fact that as a boy he had played two games of semiprofessional baseball in North Carolina. For this the officials stripped Thorpe of his honors and offered them to the winner of second place. And he, a true sportsman, refused to accept them. "They belong," he insisted, "to the greatest athlete of all time. He won them, not I."

Last summer Jim Thorpe was in Los Angeles, wanting to see the Olympic Games. But he didn't have the price of a ticket. By chance, a newspaper man discovered his plight and pulled strings to have him admitted to the games. It is not inconceivable that in the course of his misfortunes the monetary value alone of those prizes might somehow have proved a godsend to his family and himself when hard luck came their way.

SOME say the sport-loving public is not so interested in professional contests. It has never stayed away from baseball when well played. Nor has professionalism detracted from the popularity and interest in my own sport, flying. Most flying in this country is frankly professional—yet that fact didn't keep the crowds away from the recent National Air Races at Cleveland.

Speaking of aviation (I usually am), one of the greatest exploits of sportsmanship, nerve, and skill had a $25,000 prize as its incentive. Yet that fact did not detract one whit from the glory heaped upon the flyer, nor from the world-wide interest in his accomplishment.

In the last Olympic Games, in many of the equestrian events, army officers figured prominently. In fact, the Prix des Nations was won by a foreign cavalry officer.

With cavalry officers, horsemanship is obviously a profession. They earn money riding and teaching. As professionals they should be barred from Olympic competition, just as the track coach of a Middle Western college is barred. Why they are not barred I don't know.

Consider shooting. According to the ruling of the international Fédération de Tir, no one who has ever accepted "compensation or material reward" for shooting firearms is eligible in the Olympics. Thus some of the most outstanding marksmen in the world—military men, policemen, and others—are cut off from amateur competition.

Thus the cavalry officer who teaches riding for a living may ride at the Olympics, but the army officer who teaches marksmanship for a living is barred.

Isn't it rather ridiculous?

Nor does there seem to be any real hope that these conditions will improve in the near future. There are sixteen forms of sport represented at the Olympic Games. Each of these is presided over by a different governing committee—which means sixteen separate committees and sixteen different sets of rules. Uniformity of rules, and one governing body that would draw, bold and clear, the line that separates the professional from the amateur, and administer at all times justice tempered with common sense, could simplify matters. As it stands now, these sixteen committees are governed by a pretty unspecific protocol laid down by the International Olympic Committee.

In turn, the affairs of each competing team are handled by a special committee of the country they represent. The amount of money placed at the disposal of a given team, prior to and during the games, varies according to the affluence of the particular country.

The American Olympic Committee provided the American team with a fund of $350,000 gained from the sale of buttons and from gate receipts at track meets. Out of this fund were paid the expenses of the athletes who made the final tryouts. The modest charge of two dollars a day for board and local transportation was made.

I imagine the American team led the others in the matter of funds—yet one of the finest displays of sportsmanship in this year's Olympics came from a country modestly represented financially.

I refer to the magnificent performance of Alberto Cardossa, a Brazilian marine.

IN the 10,000-meter race he finished last. We who saw him run wondered why he was so sluggish from the start. Yet minutes after all the other runners had left the track, Cardossa plodded across the finishing line. His indomitable spirit, which shone in his face, captured the crowd. It was not until after the race that the story of the difficulties of the Brazilian team, and Cardossa in especial, became known.

Cardossa was on the Brazilian ship which brought the athletes to San Francisco. When they tried to charge their harbor fees to their government, as is the custom, they found that they had no government; it had changed since they sailed from home. They had relied on the sale of 50,000 bags of coffee which they had brought with them. But when their ship was held for nonpayment of harbor fees, the coffee was held with it. Some of the Brazilian athletes had money of their own. Cardossa had no money. But he had spirit and grit.

So the Brazilian boy began walking to Los Angeles, hitching rides, but walking most of the way. I was told he arrived at the stadium only ten minutes before the 10,000-meter race started. He ran the race he had come to run—and he finished it!

It is incidents like this one which preserve the spirit of the ancient games. After such an amazing display of grit, would anyone fairly object if Cardossa had earned the money to come to the Olympics—even though he had earned it teaching track technique?

"Let the best man win!"

That, it seems to me, should be the slogan of future Olympics.

THE END

WHAT MOTHER REALLY WANTS

★

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WOMAN'S NEW VICTORY · ELECTRIC COOKERY

MAKE this a Christmas that "Mother" will never forget by deciding now that your "major" gift will be a new G-E Hotpoint Electric Range.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

ELECTRIC Hotpoint RANGE

TOUGH

and T

By FREDERICK JA

Jean Harlow and Clark Gable in Red Dust, a film of a tough hombre in the torrid tropics.

(Reading time: 7 minutes 7 seconds.)

GEORGE RAFT comes to the front again with another striking screen characterization in Night After Night.

Raft looks not a little like Rudolph Valentino, arrives out of a somewhat similarly picturesque past, was a friend of the famous sheik. Raft was born on Forty-first Street, Manhattan, over near Tenth Avenue, in 1903. His father, a German, ran a Coney Island merry-go-round. His mother, still living, is Italian.

Raft went to a Catholic school, quit to become an electrician's helper. He drove a chain-store grocery wagon, chummed around with racketeers, tried prize fighting as a featherweight, attracted attention as a ballroom dancer. Later he danced in Broadway night clubs, including Texas Guinan's, and finally went on the stage. His Guido Renaldo, the killer who tossed the silver dollar so expertly in Scarface, made him a Hollywood personality overnight.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ Night After Night

The bizarre big-city stratum of American life produced by that noble experiment, the Eighteenth Amendment, never has been more pungently pictured than in this drama of a speakeasy proprietor who longs to elevate himself in the world, to improve his lamentable grammar, to discard easily acquired Broadway blondes in favor of some provocative, personable young woman from Park Avenue. A credulous, romantic fellow, mooning in his speakeasy for a romance with the unattainable, he is superbly visualized by George Raft.

Shrewdly devised, racily written, brilliantly played, this is one of those rare films. Raft sets the pace, but he gets great aid from Mae West, the famous Diamond Lil of Broadway, as a rowdy, heartily disreputable blonde; from Alison Skipworth as the speakeasy lad's instructor in culture and grammar; and from Constance Cummings as the Park Avenue unattainable. The speakeasy itself, you can take it from me, is authentic down to the last old-fashioned.

★ ★ ★ Red Dust

A box-office wallop if there ever was one. The combination of Clark Gable and Jean Harlow is audience T. N. T. Background: a rubber plantation in Cochin China. Gable: a tough hombre, boss of the plantation, equally competent in combating dust storms, tropical heat, and blondes. Harlow: a hard-boiled young woman from Saigon, relaxation for tired rubber-plantation workers on pay day.

Unfortunately, Overseer Carson (Gable, no less) takes a fancy to the young bride of a new plantation employee from the States. He sends hubby away into the jungle to lay out

An up-to-date Sherlock Holmes shows Chicago gangsters 'n' everything. The picture presents Clive Brook as Sherlock and Ernest Torrence as Moriarity.

eorge Raft Scores Again; Clark Gable d Jean Harlow in a Box-Office nash; a Modern Sherlock Holmes d Another Russian Revolution

RRID

ES SMITH

Another hit is scored by George Raft in the new gangster film, Night After Night. The photograph shows Mae West and Raft.

a new section; makes love to the wife. The wife shoots him and he recovers under the boisterous attentions of the charmer Vantine (otherwise La Harlow).

There are torrid, tantalizing scenes between Harlow and Gable, notably a rain-barrel bath by Vantine that ought to arouse the worst in every censor. Then, too, there is the interlude where Vantine reads Peter Rabbit stories to the convalescent Gable.

★ ★ **SHERLOCK HOLMES**

The Hollywood moguls have lifted the canny deductionist Sherlock Holmes out of the hansom-cab era and dropped him into a very modern London baffled by an influx of Chicago racketeers.

The arch-criminal is again that redoubtable scoundrel Moriarity, who escapes the hangman's noose and calls Chicago to his aid. Hollywood has provided the shrewd master detective with a pleasant blonde interest. In fact, Mr. Holmes is about to discard his laboratory, his deductions, and his flat in Baker Street for matrimony, when Scotland Yard appeals to him to recapture the shifty Moriarity.

Herbert Mundin, by the way, does an amusing bit of a pub keeper terrorized by the Chicago pineapple gentry.

rlet Dawn, another attempt by Hollywood to cope with the Russian Revolution, features Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Nancy Carroll in leading rôles.

★ **SCARLET DAWN**

Somebody must have persuaded the Warners to film this foolish, feeble yarn of the Russian Revolution. Hollywood cannot cope with the ten days that shook the world—and it ought to stop trying.

A young nobleman flees the revolution with a pretty and faithful peasant servant. Privation brings them together—and Nikiti marries Tanyusha. A wicked adventuress out of Nikiti's past tries to persuade her hero to become a gigolo, but the nobleman cannot be parted from his bride.

Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., does little with his lifeless rôle; Nancy Carroll is not the type as the Russian peasant girl; Lilyan Tashman is flashy but shallow as the adventuress.

Do you know that—

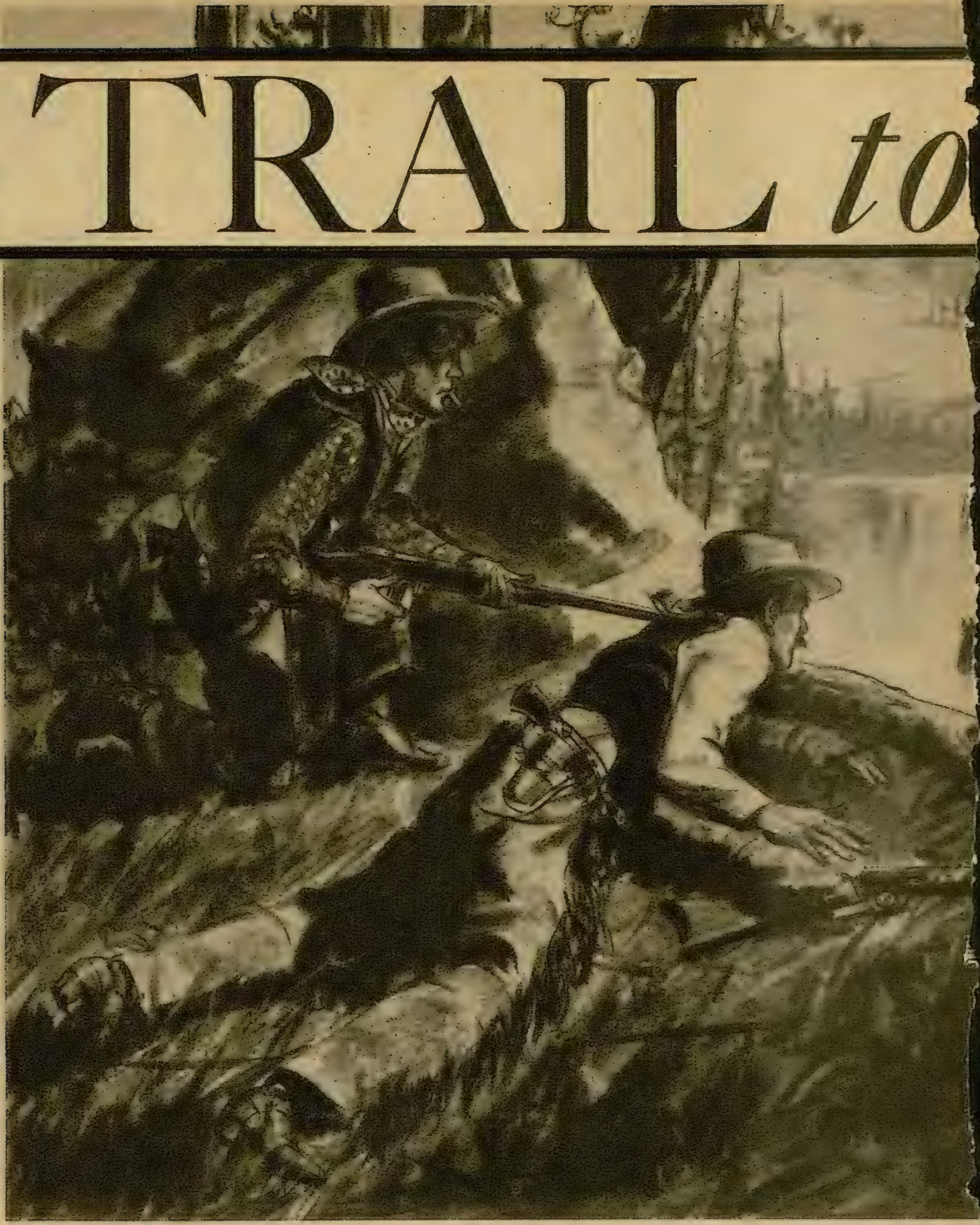
Lillian Harvey will make her first American film appearance in Her Majesty's Car, with John Boles?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, A Bill of Divorcement, Washington Merry-Go-Round, Movie Crazy.

★★★—Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage, The Phantom President, Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady, Horse Feathers, Congorilla, A Successful Calamity, The First Year, What Price Hollywood, Strange Interlude, American Madness, Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Winner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You Desire Me, State's Attorney, Letty Lynton.

The TRAIL to



"TWO men stopped the wagons at Koosky Pass. Got away with about thirty thousand!"

A PRIZE

By CHARLE

The Story of Por
Crims

(Reading time: 22 minutes 15 seconds.)

PORCUPINE STEBBINS would take to the road with a ton of Orofino gold bars, worth seventeen dollars an ounce, neatly concealed under other freight, six days over mountain trails, guarding the treasure with his life until delivered to the nearest Wells Fargo Express office at Umatilla Landing on the Columbia River; and then he would proceed gladly to break every other law in the decalogue.

With a freight wagon and trailer drawn by eight Oregon mules, and with no portent of disaster on this particular evening, Stebbins had arrived at Umatilla Landing by starlight.

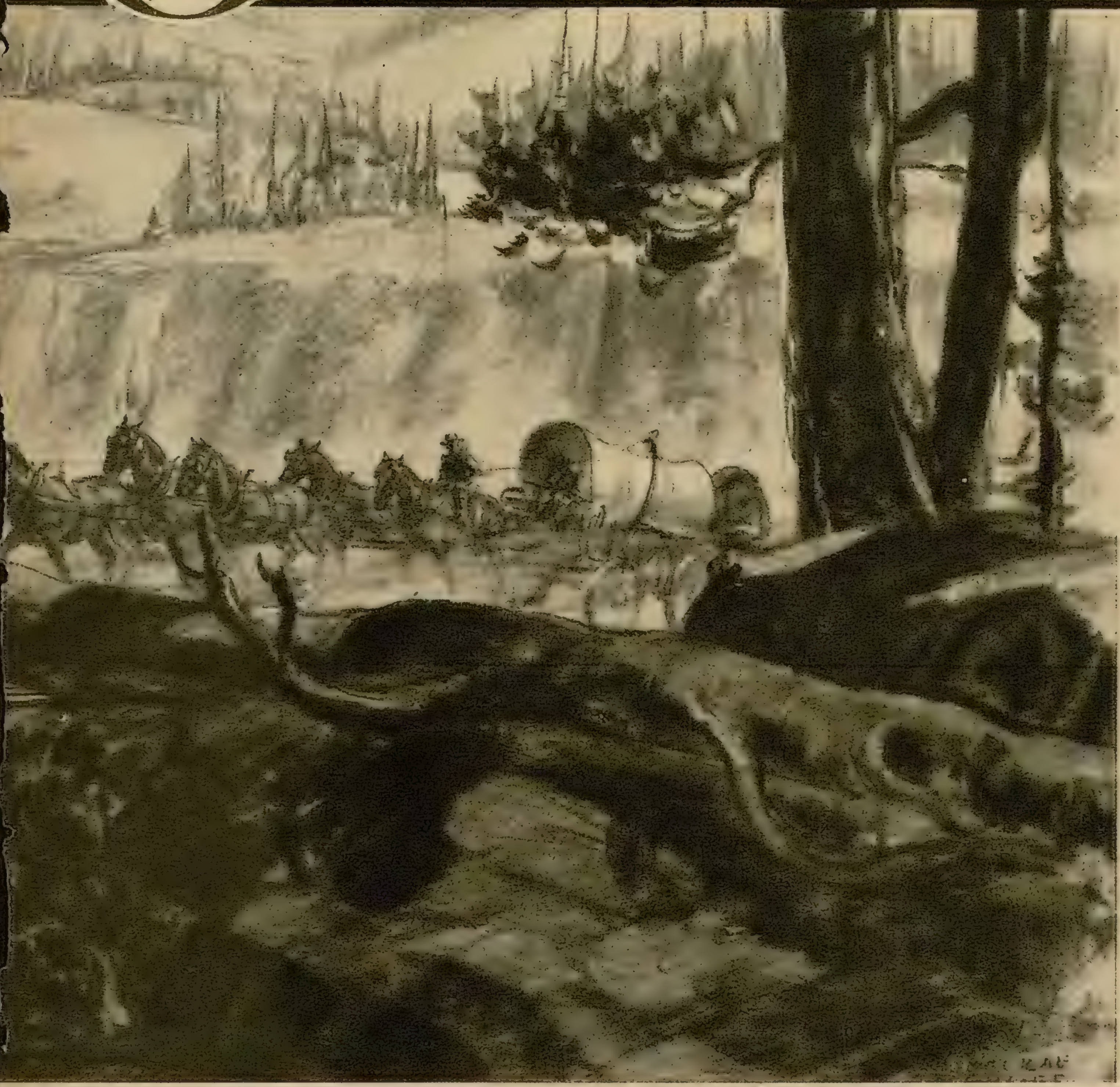
There, in the wagon yard, a vicious mule had provoked him to violence.

Stebbins hated violence. He was a gentle man unless pushed. But he would bitterly resent a few things: such as a man stealing his buffalo overcoat or kicking his dog, or a mule biting his ear. When he turned across the street and entered the Crippled Cayuse bar his spiritual outlook, you might say, was not entirely skookum.

Matt Bludsoe, dispenser and owner of the Crippled Cayuse, had suffered too. He had stultified himself by laying down three aces to a bluffer who was holding a morally contemptible hand known as a bobtail flush. Matt had felt so grossly humiliated in this episode that he had imbibed the only bottle of gin in stock, thus magnifying his pessimism.

Now he stood eying Stebbins thickly as the latter approached the brass rail.

OROFINO



Pictures by
McRAE GILLIES

IRST STORY

HYSKELL

Stebbins and His
Sinner

Stebbins tossed upon the mahogany a gold nugget about the size and shape of a Lima bean and said:

"Gin."

Bludsoe set forth a bottle of amber-colored liquid. Moreover, he did it with an arrogant, irritating gesture.

When Stebbins viewed this amber-colored liquor a deep wrinkle came between his dusty eyebrows. He remarked again, harshly, louder: "Gin!"

Matt Bludsoe pointed to the rye and said raspingly: "Take it or beat it!"

Muscles about Stebbins' jaw tensed under his grimy stubble. Time was precious.

"Mr. Bludsoe," said he, and a glitter came into his tired eyes, "I've gotta sleep a coupla hours an' there's two hundred hard-rock men out at Orofino hankerin' to eat. I can't afford t' palter an' fuss here with a man like you."

"You're just another four-flush," Bludsoe snarled. "Git out!"

Porcupine Stebbins forgot he was unnerved; he forgot that Bludsoe kept a gun under the bar. His hand grasped the bottle, not at its middle, but by the neck. He threw it as hard as he could at the leer on the other's face.

Bludsoe dodged. There was a crash of glass, then a splitting, explosive noise. Bludsoe had shot Stebbins through the right lung.

They put Porcupine Stebbins on a bed in the Umatilla House and called in a horse doctor, who was fishing with a pair of tweezers to recover the bullet for an inquest when Stebbins' eyes fluttered open.

"By jiminy! You're not dead?" the veterinary asked dubiously.

Stebbins gathered strength to speak slowly. "I'm not goin' to die yet," he wheezed. "I'm a man—in no case would die easy. What have you took my boots off fur?"

They arrested Bludsoe and put him in the calaboose. He imported a lawyer from Portland and got out on bail.

It was at this juncture Bludsoe's wife, Lulu Spriggs Bludsoe, a comely person with snappy brown eyes and rather young, went to the Umatilla House and offered her services to nurse Stebbins. The woman seemed utterly conscience-stricken.

"Is that you, Lulu?" he asked, dimly recognizing the trim, alert figure beside his bed.

"Yes, Porky," she said in her steady contralto.

"Do you aim to say that you—like me enough to come here an' nuss me—through this trouble?"

"You know very well I like you a lot," she replied, taking a wet rag and swabbing the alkali out of his hair.

"All right," Stebbins gasped feebly. "I'm goin' to get well—an' kill Matt Bludsoe."

Lulu Spriggs had been a prim and pretty waitress at the Umatilla House and had first met Porcupine Stebbins and Matthew Bludsoe there as customers. Her warm sympathies ran for a time to both, but Matt was socially the most ambitious, and she had married him with the avowed idea of spurring him onward to financial heights. Some time later she had been converted by a traveling evangelist in a gospel tent and acquired a communal position quite above that of a mere waitress at the Umatilla House. She was a niece of Sheriff Kink Slattery, in fact, a sort of secretary.

On occasions she wrote out legal notices that were posted now and again on the outside of the sheriff's office door for public consumption.

"YOU must free your mind of evil thought," she told Stebbins. "I have talked with Matt and I think he is repentant. Remember the Scriptural law of forgiving who trespasseth against you."

"Oh, yes," Stebbins assented, but with reservations, and almost fainting with the pain in his chest; "at present I forgive him—except for having no gin."

The unremitting efforts of Lulu Spriggs Bludsoe during the next two weeks touched Stebbins to the uttermost depths of his soul. "You're doin' a lot for me," he said. "It's too much for you to be bringin' these hot biscuits an' chicken gravy. Matt might think it ain't right."

"He doesn't mind," she replied calmly. "He wants you to get well. Matt's a man who can't bear to have enemies. He's going to be a candidate for sheriff!"

"Lulu—is that the reason you're doin' all this for me?"

"Now don't be silly. You know it ain't!"

CRISIS after crisis passed and the sufferer still lingered. Umatilla Landing being the county seat, local authorities soon perceived that a special tax would have to be levied that fall to pay the packer's rapidly mounting hospital bill at the Umatilla House.

Mayor and Justice of the Peace Higginbottom called to see Stebbins with the idea of not only feeling his pulse but examining his wallet.

"There's a deep-seated feelin' here in this town against any kind of taxation," said the mayor. "The authorities are a-most concerned with this matter. According, we will have to throw you in jail, because all rules of economy favor it; and also, you're goin' to get well. You've got to be held as a material witness against Bludsoe."

"You can't convict Bludsoe," Stebbins prophesied wearily.

Justice Higginbottom grew coldly professional. "Our best people are sot on it to convict Bludsoe of assault with intent to kill, or something else as criminal as possible. And you," he added firmly, "are the *corpus delicti!*"

"Not me!" Stebbins demurred with all the breath he could muster.

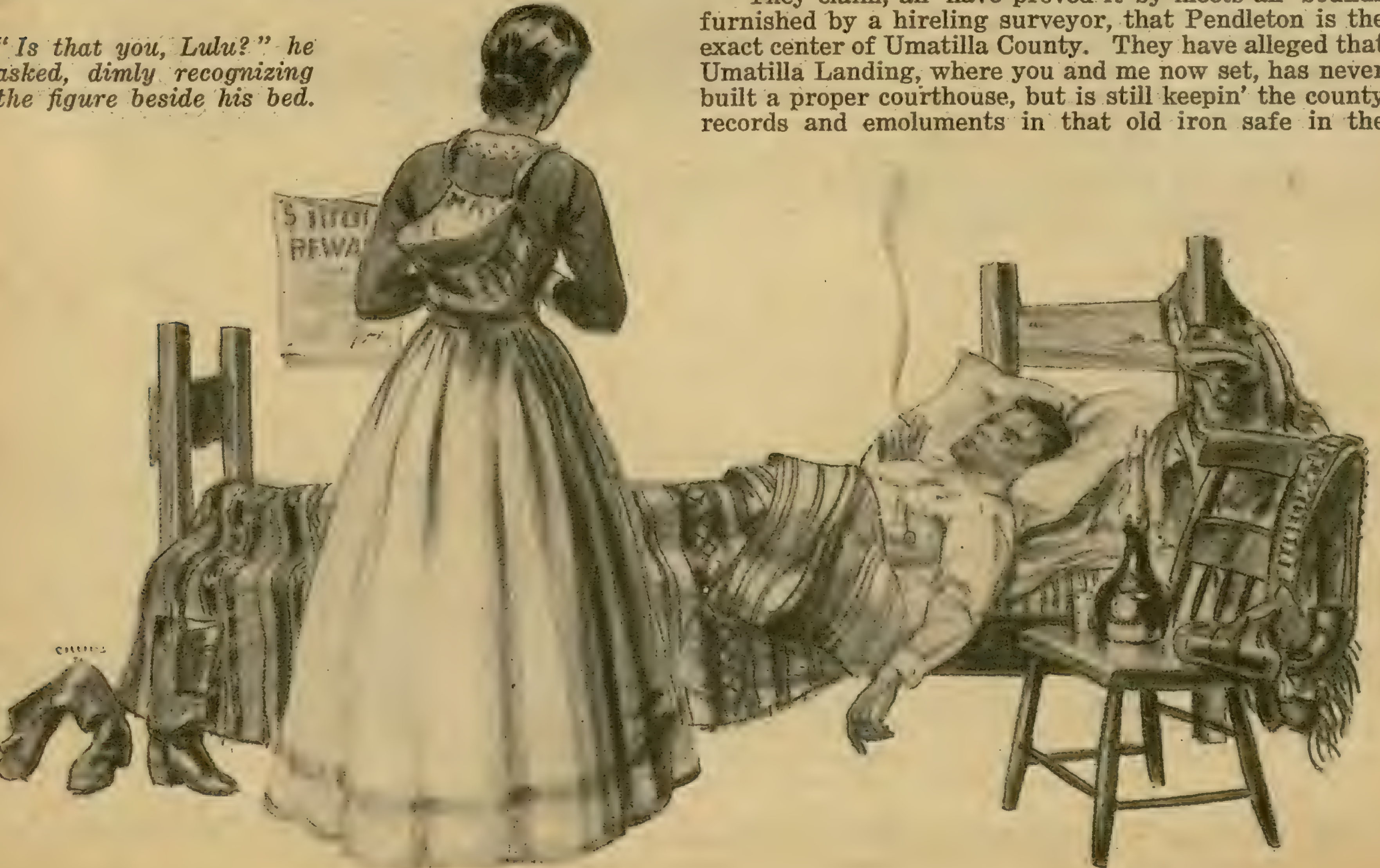
"You are an ignorant mule skinner an' you don't savvy. We've got to have your body for evidence. Furthermore," the justice elucidated carefully, "we need a good man at this special time to stay in the county jail."

"*Good* man? Not me!" Stebbins protested hotly.

Justice Higginbottom's manner suddenly became gravely confidential. Placing his palms on his knees, he tipped forward until his whiskers swung clear. "Now, Stebbins, you listen to me, because I'm tellin' you somethin' of great importance. That mis'able cow town of Pendleton is workin' up another county-seat fight for November election."

"Yes," Stebbins assented cautiously.

"They claim, an' have proved it by meets an' bounds furnished by a hireling surveyor, that Pendleton is the exact center of Umatilla County. They have alleged that Umatilla Landing, where you and me now set, has never built a proper courthouse, but is still keepin' the county records and emoluments in that old iron safe in the



"Is that you, Lulu?" he asked, dimly recognizing the figure beside his bed.

county jail, with nobody in charge, so to speak. We need a reliable man there right now!"

Porcupine Stebbins swore feebly as he was carried to the county jail, but that was all he could do about it. . . .

Four months later court day rolled around and found Matt Bludsoe suffering a sudden attack of illness, something in the nature of cholera morbus or appendicitis: the leading veterinary of Umatilla Landing couldn't decide. Bludsoe seemed to be, on his own affidavit, too sick to go to trial.

The circuit judge continued the case to the next semiannual term of court, directing also that the material witness, the said Stebbins, be held in the county jail.

It certainly was no concern of a busy and hard-pressed circuit judge that the county jail happened to be a small windowless wooden edifice twelve by fourteen feet, built of laminated timbers, that served not only as a hoosegow but for the custody of an iron safe in which the county records were most unworthily kept.

Matt Bludsoe remained out on bail, and as Election Day approached there appeared increasingly lurid fireworks from the county-seat fight all along the line. Bludsoe again became a prominent citizen, in fact leader of the Landing's most powerful voting contingent.

THE small isolated jail stood well out at the edge of town where a spring of water made service easily convenient for the sheriff. Here the unfortunate Stebbins lived alone, his only legal pleasures being to eat his meals off the iron safe and lie down on his lonely cot to sleep.

But the fact was that he lived pretty well, due to the untiring constancy of the Trojan helpmeet of Matt Bludsoe.

Eating warm gingerbread, he was perched on the iron safe while Lulu sat, preoccupied, on the one chair.

"Why don't you tell me all the news of the day?" he asked.

"There's been another bullion robbery. Two men stopped the wagons at Koosky Pass. Got away with about thirty thousand!" Lulu told him.

"Serves 'em right," Porcupine Stebbins observed. "I told 'em more than once the express company ought to carry the bullion."

"They had an express-company guard, Skinny Munger, on the wagon, disguised as a driver. The bandits killed him."

"Poor Skinny! Any clue?"

"No, not yet," Lulu replied low-voiced. "Matt says it's a gang at Orofino."

"Nobody knows what Matt thinks. Don't he object none to you carryin' grub over here to me?"

"No. He's terribly busy running for sheriff. He thinks maybe he'll win."

"That'll be fine!" Stebbins laughed ironically.

"He'll never make it. You'd better begin packin' your duds an' we'll

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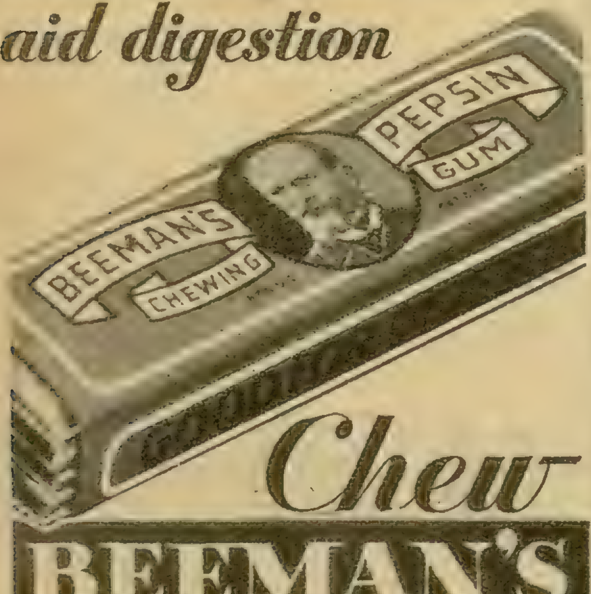

Chew

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

light right out of here after court sets."

She sat pale and still. There was a firmness about her lips. "My people never got divorces," she said.

"Well, we'll go anyhow. You can let Matt get it."

Lulu neither approved nor rejected this proposal, but went away in deep thought.

The week passed swiftly.

Election Day came, and Pendleton won everything!

But Pendleton's chance faded again at once, for Umatilla Landing charged fraud and sent a delegation on the first steamboat to Portland to sue out an injunction in Supreme Court against the removal of the county seat or any equipment, records, or emoluments appertaining thereto!

CHARLES HYSKELL, *the author of this story, went into a printing office when he was a youngster in Winterset, Iowa, worked in various newspaper offices and in other businesses, and eventually ended up in Oregon. He says he works twelve hours every day, plays golf occasionally, and that his hobby is the spoken drama.*

Next morning at daybreak Kink Slattery, still functioning as sheriff of Umatilla County, drove his buckboard out to the jail and carried a heavy box inside. Without a word he opened the box and began stowing gold bricks in the iron safe.

Having finished this task he turned to his silent prisoner. "Stebbins, I've knowed you a long time an' I know you're on the square," he said. "This stuff I put in the safe is gold bars from Orofino. The express company's safe wouldn't hold all the shipment, an' this much of it'll have to lay here till tomorrow."

"To hell with your bullion!" said Porcupine Stebbins, expressing his exact sentiments. "I'll steal it and break jail."

"You can't fool me that-away, Stebbins," the perspicacious Kink Slattery observed. "You wouldn't steal a gold brick. You just couldn't."

A FEELING of resentment grew in Porcupine Stebbins as the hours passed.

When Lulu came at noon he was bitter. "They put me in jail to hold the county seat, an' now they're keepin' me here to guard bullion. It's there in the safe," he said. "Lulu, I've made up my mind to get out. I can't stand it another day!"

Lulu gazed thoughtfully at the safe. "If you got away, Porky, and something happened—to the safe—could they blame you for that?"

"Nothin' could happen to the safe. Come on, now," he pleaded, "an' pack your duds. We can make it to Orofino in four days, an' there I can borrow as high as two hundred dollars for a trip. We could go to Europe on that much!"

Lulu searched the idea in all its angles. "I think we hadn't better," she said at last. "I'd hate to have Matt railroaded to prison or hung in his sins. You can give evidence truthfully that you aimed the first blow. "The court meets next week and you're the main witness."

"Lulu, they can't convict Matt of anything." Holding her with the pathetic gaze of his blue eyes he went on: "I've been in jail a year for what? For gettin' shot in the Crippled Cayuse! It don't seem right." Watching her face he went on rapidly: "You know I love you so much I could eat your ears without any salt or pepper. I'm a first-class mule skinner an' I'm reformed! What greater connubial emoluments could you seek for?"

"Do you really mean that you've reformed?" she asked dubiously, with a note of disappointment.

"I'll be good, but not too good. I'll be just ornery enough so's you can go on an' enjoy yourself reformin' me." Stebbins had become paler and worried. "Lulu, listen. There can't be no more circuit court here till this county-seat fight is settled, *if ever*. An' you—you've got a jail key."

WHEN at last Lulu yielded, it was arranged that she would return to the jail that night at ten o'clock, remove the padlock, and leave a saddle horse tied in the willows over at Jimson Creek. But she would not flee to Idaho. She would wait and arrange a divorce. It was the limit of her concession, and Stebbins agreed. With a brief embrace, a lingering glance at the iron safe, an air of sweet reluctance, Lulu abruptly left him to plan his own escape.

Porcupine Stebbins was almost happy. Winning both Lulu and liberty in less than half an hour's debate was more than he had expected. He sat on his cot, lit a cigarette, and contemplated a happy future that moved him almost to tears.

Darkness had fallen when he heard a rattling of the padlock and Kink Slattery entered carrying a lantern. The sheriff was nervous. There was ill-concealed anxiety in his voice.

"I just wanted to be sure everything's all right," he said.

"Afraid somepin will happen?" Stebbins asked, unperturbed.

"No, no. How could anything happen—with you here?"

"Well, I'm still here," Stebbins said, yawning.

"I'm trustin' you a lot, Stebbins. I've got to, while my deputy's away. You needn't be scared, but I'm goin' to put a star on you an' give you a gat as long as that stuff's in the safe," said Slattery, pinning a badge on Stebbins' shirt and tossing a forty-five on the cot. "You've carried a whole lot bigger shipments over the road. I'm puttin' you on honor."

"Thanks." Stebbins felt a faint thrill of pride. "There's no danger; but Matt Bludsoe might know—"

Slattery interrupted: "Not a soul knows a thing, except the company agent. It ain't this gold worries me.

I'm thinkin' about that Pendleton county-seat crowd. They're sot on getting a-hold of the county records, and so forth, in that safe." He laughed jerkily, went out, and clasped the padlock as usual outside the door.

Not until then did Porcupine Stebbins realize the full gravity of his own defeat. In a long record of desperate deeds as a custodian of bullion he had never deserted his post!

Hours passed, midnight came, and he had nearly given up Lulu when he heard a sound of horses' hoofs outside; then a faint rattle of the padlock. That would be Lulu! With difficulty he restrained himself from calling to her. Suddenly the door opened and the figures of two men were visible against the sky.

When they had closed the door, one lit a candle and its gleam revealed the face of Matt Bludsoe, who carried a sack. His confederate was toting a short iron bar.

From the gloom of a corner where the cot stood the voice of Porcupine Stebbins came sharply: "Put up your hands before I bore you full of holes!"

Surprise, or cunning, caused Bludsoe to drop the candle to the floor. It sputtered and went out. There was a swift shuffling and shifting of heavily booted feet.

What seemed a long moment of silence was broken by a shot; then a continued fusillade of shots seemingly directed at random to all quarters of the little room and filling it with acrid, almost choking odor. There were muttered curses, a few groans, then silence.

Outside there was only the quiet of a starlit desert night. A gunshot in the thick-walled little jail with its one ventilator in the roof would scarcely be heard four hundred feet distant.

IT was about one o'clock A. M. when the small but determined force of men from Pendleton, headed by the newly elected sheriff, descended secretly upon the town of Umatilla Landing. With them were twelve span of large and powerful Oregon mules, a freight wagon carrying some heavy jackscrews, a few long square timbers, and four thick wheels that had been sawed from the round butt of a pine log.

There seemed to be no life inside the jail; and if there had been it would not have greatly concerned the visitors outside, who were busily, with the least possible noise, raising the jail and putting the wheels under it.

As the county jail moved slowly across the outlying sagebrush desert the new sheriff from Pendleton rode ahead and laughed softly. If they could make it to Pendleton, well and good! If they couldn't, it would not be so good—but still it would be pretty good. At least the Umatilla County courthouse would no longer be in Umatilla Landing. A mile out now, and the sheriff still chuckled.

Two hundred yards farther the first weak link in this chain of events appeared. The jail bogged down in a wide slough adjacent to Jimson Creek!

The new sheriff was a man of praiseworthy resources. He could at least get possession of the county's iron safe containing its official books and county funds, if any. He had only to saw the padlock from the jail door.

His first surprise came on finding the padlock opened and the door unfastened. His second and greater shock occurred with what he perceived in the faint light of a candle that sat on the floor. Near it lay Matt Bludsoe, slowly bleeding from a wounded thigh and a furrowed scalp. A bullet had glanced from his hard cranium. Over against a wall lay the motionless cadaver of Matt's confederate. With a loosely held and fully loaded forty-five Porcupine Stebbins covered the new sheriff.

For a brief silent space the sheriff stared hard at Stebbins. Then he asked civilly, "Well, have you got any particular ideas about this thing?"

"I don't know who you be," said Stebbins, toying with his gun. "If you-all are in cahoots with these two gents, then I guess I'm outnumbered."

"I am duly elected sheriff of this county," the other asserted.

"What county? If we are still in Umatilla County, I can speak with au-

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!
Hours on Creams and Powders
Not a minute for her gums
. . . . . . and she has
"Pink tooth brush"!

SHE'LL try any cream or powder once! Her dressing table is crowded with costly jars. Anything and everything for her *face!* But not a second for her *smile.*

A smile that reveals sparkling white, sound teeth is one of the greatest allures a woman can have! But beautiful teeth are dependent on firm, healthy gums.

Ever notice a trace of "pink" on your tooth brush? It means your gums are soft and touchy. They're *bleeding!* Because you eat soft, creamy foods, they have daily become more inactive and more tender. Now—you have "pink tooth brush."

"Pink tooth brush" makes your teeth dead-looking. It may lead to gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea. It may endanger the soundness of good teeth.

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. But every time, put a little *extra* Ipana on your brush and rub it right into those tender gums of yours! The ziratol in Ipana tones the gums, firms them.

Your teeth will soon have the sparkle they *used* to have. Continue to use Ipana with massage—and you can forget "pink tooth brush."

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB-1221, 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a two-cent stamp.

IPANA
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Another
KLEENEX
PRICE
REDUCTION

Full size package now costs but
25c

Use Kleenex for handkerchiefs! For removing cosmetics, for dusting, for polishing—for everything!

25c

NOW use all the Kleenex you want! Be as lavish as you like! For the price is once more reduced. That big box—for which you paid 50 cents a year ago—35 cents six months ago—now costs but 25 cents!

At this new low price, no one need risk germ-filled handkerchiefs during colds. A Kleenex Tissue may be used once, then destroyed. There is no self-infection. No spreading germs to others as when soiled handkerchiefs are used.

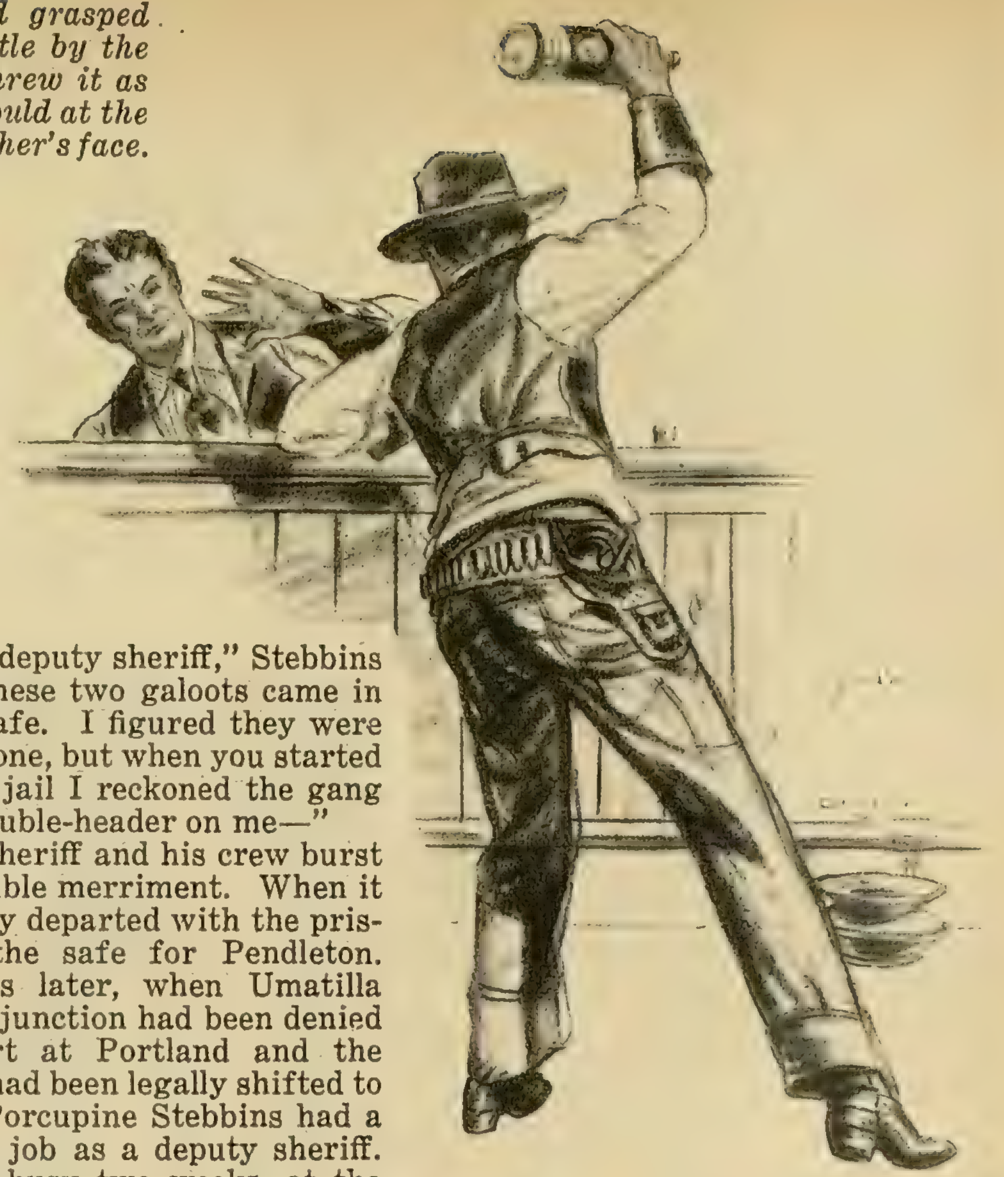
Softest—yet strongest

Kleenex is made of softest rayon-cellulose and is more absorbent than linen. Though the softest tissue available, it is also the strongest.

Note the Kleenex products listed below. Every one has a place in your home. The price is low—try them all!

1. REGULAR KLEENEX comes in a variety of shades, 180 sheets for only . . . . 25c.
2. ROLLS OF KLEENEX are convenient to hang in bathroom or kitchen. In pink or white . 25c.
3. 'KERFS for dress-up handkerchiefs and tea napkins. Four thicknesses of tissue, smartly bordered . . . . 25c.
4. LARGE SIZE KLEENEX is 3 times the regular size. Splendid for removing face creams and for household uses. Formerly $1, now . . 50c.

KLEENEX *disposable* TISSUES



HIS hand grasped the bottle by the neck. He threw it as hard as he could at the leer on the other's face.

thority of a deputy sheriff," Stebbins stated. "These two galoots came in to rob the safe. I figured they were on the job alone, but when you started off with the jail I reckoned the gang had run a double-header on me—"

The new sheriff and his crew burst into irresistible merriment. When it was over they departed with the prisoners and the safe for Pendleton.

Some days later, when Umatilla Landing's injunction had been denied by the court at Portland and the county seat had been legally shifted to Pendleton, Porcupine Stebbins had a sure-enough job as a deputy sheriff. It kept him busy two weeks, at the end of which the judge came up from The Dalles and at last circuit court sat legally at Pendleton.

The court's first work was dispatched rapidly. It consisted in disposal of cases in the pack-train murder and robbery on the Orofino Trail, in which an accomplice turned state's evidence and the jury rendered a verdict against Bludsoe without leaving the courtroom.

While Porcupine Stebbins was an important witness, his thought had been nearly all the time on Lulu Spriggs Bludsoe. He was glad she hadn't come. The trial would have been a terrible strain on her. He had retired to a seat near the aisle while the jury was being polled, and he relaxed with a vast sense of relief when the verdict was announced. Matt Bludsoe would hang!

THE able judge was a fast worker. He cleared his throat and spoke to the grim prosecuting attorney: "You have, I believe, another prisoner who was due to arrive here today from Umatilla Landing. Are you ready now to proceed?"

"We are, your Honor," the prosecutor answered. A private door near the jury box opened and the new sheriff entered. He was leading Lulu by the arm!

Porcupine Stebbins sat as a man turned to stone while a new jury was impaneled and the prosecutor stated his case against Lulu. Her long connection with the Bludsoe gang's operations, her gospel-tent conversion, were dwelt upon.

"She manifests one redeeming trait," said the prosecutor. "She has admitted the truth of these things. She has also come clean with the Stebbins episode. She confesses that she plotted to promote Stebbins' escape from jail in order that Bludsoe might rob the jail safe, their plan being to fasten the bullion robbery upon Stebbins. My own opinion of her character is that she nursed Stebbins back to health not from any humane instinct, but only with the hope of saving Bludsoe from the gallows—"

At this point Lulu's steady contralto broke in. "It's a lie!" she said, strong and clear, and these were the only words of denial she uttered during her trial.

"The woman is a crimson sinner," the prosecutor said in his impassioned conclusion. "She is as guilty as the murderer who is her husband, and only her sex deters me from the extreme penalty. In her case I ask a conviction and twenty years!"

The chivalry that may reside in an Oregon mule skinner does not always appear. Yet it is often there. During the night that followed, while the jury was struggling slowly toward its unanimous verdict of guilt against the woman prisoner, Porcupine Stebbins retired from office, decently, leaving on the official desk his formal written resignation as a deputy sheriff, and quietly disappeared.

Three days later, in the evening, a loaded freight wagon arrived at the wagon yard in Umatilla Landing and Stebbins descended stiffly from the driver's seat. He noted with extreme relief that a great lighted river steamer lay at the wharf. There seemed to be full steam up, as if the boat might soon be leaving downriver for Portland. Then he heard the safety valve popping and he was sure of it!

He climbed on the load, moved a couple of boxes carefully, raised a tarpaulin, and helped drooping brown-eyed Lulu to the ground. With a bandanna from his neck he dusted her raiment, and after she had adjusted her small hat they faded into darkness toward the wharf.

At the gangplank her low, steady contralto began: "Porky—you—" It wavered, halted. "You're a good man." She was clinging desperately to his arm.

"Good? Me? Why, I wasn't reformed a-tall. I'd 'a' died a crimson sinner. But you nussed me through!"

"I'm glad. Oh, so glad!"

Her voice set him trembling. He said quietly, "Now, Lulu girl, you'll probably never see me again. Go as far as this boat goes; an' then keep on goin'. Don't stop. Keep your chin up! Good-by."

The steamer's stacks were belching sparks and the black smoke of pitch wood.

Convulsively both her hands clung to his. She was sobbing. "Oh—I wish—I was dead!"

He couldn't understand why he was shaking again with ague. He wanted to take her in his arms.

But there was something like a wall between—a wall of pale-yellow gold bricks.

FROM the steamer came a groaning of engines at slow bell; paddle wheels holding the bow to the wharf until the last signal. The safety valve was popping again and he couldn't hear her last words. She released his hands, glided over the gangplank, and disappeared.

Porcupine Stebbins sighed heavily and moved back to the wagon yard; made sure the mules were fed; then he walked into the Crippled Cayuse bar. He deposited a small nugget and said gently:

"Gin."

The aproned stranger glanced at him and complied.

Stebbins poured gravely and gulped it. This formality was slowly repeated three times before he went out and sat on the porch, to watch the lights of the receding steamer. Still he wasn't quite himself. He went back for another drink, and found a new deputy sheriff from Pendleton talking to the dispenser:

"The jury convicted the dame, but she broke jail the same night. Oh, Stebbins—" Porcupine Stebbins, who was pouring another, larger one, paused. "I reckon you didn't hear anything of the Bludsoe woman on the road?"

Stebbins set the bottle down and fumbled it. For the merest instant he seemed about to grasp it by the neck. He gulped his liquor and leaned heavily on the bar.

"Me? I didn't hear a thing," he said.

THE END

"Unlucky Elmer"
EVERYBODY ORDERED STEAK AND ONIONS BUT HIM

Doesn't he know that "TUMS" end fussy stomach

ACID INDIGESTION..HEARTBURN..SOUR STOMACH?

"STEAK and onions for me," somebody said. Then the whole crowd, almost with one voice, chimed in: "That's what I want—make it steak and onions all around." All except one of the group—Elmer Rixon. Elmer called the waiter back and in a subdued voice said, "Bring me just some milk and graham crackers."

Unlucky Elmer. If there's one thing he really likes, it's a juicy steak smothered with onions. But it's one of the things that upset his stomach—give him a sour, burning sensation. Heartburn, he calls it. Coffee and a number of other things create the same unpleasant sensation. So he has to listen to the kidding of his friends about his "Fussy Stomach" while he sees them eat the food he craves.

What a pleasant surprise there is in store for Elmer—and thousands of others—when they learn about Tums, the new candy-like antacid mint that quickly counteracts acid indigestion—heartburn, sour stomach, and nauseating gas. You simply munch 3 or 4 Tums after meals or whenever trouble arises. You'll be amazed how quickly excess acid is neutralized, "Fussy Stomach" relieved.

"Top off" your meals with Tums—discover the pleasure of eating your favorite foods without the fear of bad after-effects.

If coffee keeps you awake or you have trouble sleeping, eat 2 or 3 Tums after your evening meal or before going to bed. See how much better you sleep when Tums have counteracted the acid and gas that torture your nerves and make you restless. No need to give up coffee. No need to buy expensive coffee substitutes.

Tums are so agreeable, refreshing and convenient that you will want to carry a roll with you always, in pocket or purse. Get a roll of Tums today at any drug store. They are only 10 cents.

TUMS ARE ANTACID ...NOT A LAXATIVE
For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable corrective NR (NATURE'S REMEDY).
Only 25c

Free *Beautiful 1933 calendar-thermometer. Also samples of* TUMS *and* NR*—Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to* A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept.12-M, ST. LOUIS, MO.

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FOR THE TUMMY
EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS
10¢
STOMACH DISTRESS
EAT LIKE CANDY
ONLY 10¢

P.S. Sweeten the Stomach and You Sweeten the Breath

WRITERS *Attention!*

$10,000 *has been set aside for unknown authors*

Another Great First Story Offer!

This Time Liberty Wants Serials

LAST winter LIBERTY weekly made an unprecedented offer to unknown writers. It set aside $5,000 with which to purchase short stories by writers who had yet to make their first mark in the world of fictional literature. In making this offer LIBERTY was simply expressing its faith in the rising generation of writers who are working so earnestly to attain success in their chosen field. And results proved LIBERTY'S faith to be amply justified, for through that offer a collection of amazingly fine stories was secured which during the months to come will delight the great LIBERTY reader audience and bring recognition to many aspiring but, until now, unknown writers who otherwise might have remained in obscurity for years to come.

Indeed, so thoroughly satisfied is the LIBERTY Editorial Staff with the results of last winter's "first story" campaign that it has been decided to make a similar offer this winter, except that instead of seeking short stories, this time we want novel-length stories suitable for publication in LIBERTY as serials—i. e., from 20,000 to 100,000 words in length, so plotted and written as to break readily into installments of about 7,000 words each.

A BASIC fund of $10,000 has been set aside with which to purchase the serial rights to such novel-length stories by unknown writers. Nor does LIBERTY restrict itself to an expenditure of only $10,000. More will be spent if sufficient stories of the length, form, and quality we seek are submitted.

Under this offer LIBERTY is willing to pay $5,000 for a single story and not less than $1,000 will be paid for any story accepted. Stories will be read by the editors of LIBERTY for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and suitability for publication in LIBERTY in serial form.

Let your story possess the proper qualifications and the fact that you are unknown, instead of acting as a barrier to your success, *may mean the sale of your story and put you well on the road to literary recognition.*

On the other hand, LIBERTY insists on having quality for its money. It will not buy a single story that does not come fully up to its high editorial standard. To do otherwise would be to betray the confidence of the millions who read it every week.

So, if you are ambitious and really have talent, here is your glittering chance to crash the gates of fame. At least three and probably more aspiring writers will have the unutterable thrill of seeing their first novels appear in LIBERTY—out of darkness into sunshine at a single step—from the trough to the crest of the wave in the twinkling of an eye—from obscurity to fame as by the waving of a magic wand. Can you afford to miss this opportunity?

INSTRUCTIONS

●

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 20,000 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted incomplete will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of the first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of the first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY FIRST STORY EDITOR, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail or express, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage or expressage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Inclose return postage or expressage in the same envelope as the manuscript. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, March 30, 1933.

The matter of eligibility is simple. The offer is open to anyone who never has had a book of fiction published, sold a serial of 20,000 or more words to a nationally circulated periodical or to a newspaper that syndicates its material. Nothing else will count against you. The fact that you may have sold stories, of whatever length, to your high-school or college papers or magazines, to a local newspaper, or even if you have sold an occasional serious article to a more pretentious publication does not disqualify you. But the editors of LIBERTY reserve the right to decide your status upon information you agree to furnish upon request.

IF you have manuscripts on hand of stories you feel are worthy of appearing in LIBERTY and which fall within the specifications set forth above, send them in at once. If you have the plot of such a story in your mind, write the story in full and send it in. There is no limit to the number of stories you may submit—no limit to the degree of success and fame you may gain through this opportunity.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of LIBERTY, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

This offer is now open and will continue to be open until the close of business on Thursday, March 30, 1933. In submitting manuscripts be sure to follow the detailed instructions appearing elsewhere on this page.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY

The ECONOMIST

A Short Short Story

By STANLEY JONES

(Reading time: 5 min. 15 sec.)

THE locker room of the Hampton Golf Club (generally known as the Alibi Exchange) was vibrant with the usual Saturday-afternoon hubbub. Over and above all, like the surge of the surf, boomed the familiar voice of Old Hundred.

Tom Campbell grinned, jerked his head at the big bassoon. "Theme song," he said.

"Twelve years of it. Still, he's a good old— Hello, what's up?"

"Listen, Windy!" an exasperated voice was snapping. "I may be new and I may be fresh. But why the members of this club have to put up with this endless yammering about your game is away past me!" Tom tumbled into the aisle.

"It's that kid from Dartmouth—that Pups Colie. New member—intercollegiate runner-up last year. Good Lord, stop him, someone!"

We dragged Colie away. With Johnny Jordan, the club treasurer, wringing his hands—as well he might, with interest on a loan and mortgages hanging over his head like the sword of Damocles.

"You poor yap!" he snarled. "Insulting Old Hundred is not only biting the hand that feeds us—it's sawing off the arm at the elbow!"

"Just what subject," Fritz snarled at young Pups, "did you happen to major in in college, bright boy?"

"Economics," snaps the kid right back. "What of it?"

"Economics," repeats Fritz, sucking his pipe. "And here you come kicking over the only solid plank in our whole financial structure. You're one hell of an economist, if you ask me!"

Things went from bad to worse, and everybody tried to do something. They even got Pups to apologize, just before the interest on a short-term note obscured the sun for the finance committee and threatened a small assessment on each member. But the result was not too happy.

Our course here is sporty enough, despite the fact that the terrain allowed us only one water hole—the ninth. The green, looking about the size of a one-cent stamp, is set out in the pond. The pond is fringed with long, waving cat-tails, is fed by springs, and is inhabited by golf balls and what Tom Campbell calls "mushrats."

Johnny Jordan yelled after Fritz Rohver and me late one afternoon just as we were strolling toward the first tee. "Say," he begged, panting up, "be a couple of good eggs and let us play around with you, will you? I'm still trying to soften up the old man."

Eventually we labored uphill to the ninth tee as the sun was dipping behind the horizon.

"Your honor," said Old Hundred, who was partnered with Johnny.

"O. K.," said Fritz, rapping out his usual grounder.

I managed to get off a fair one. Then Johnny skied up a blinger that looked dead to the pin. "Shot," grunted Old Hundred, and squatted to tee up.

"Wait a minute," called Johnny. He loped off to a ridge some seventy yards toward the green—a ridge which commanded a view of both the tee and the green. "I'll watch her for you."

Old Hundred swung back in his familiar form, which is about what you would expect from an apple woman.

"Umph!" he grunted as the club head smacked into the ball. Up she sailed, borne by a slight hook—a standard Old Hundred spoon shot. We lost it in the haze, saw Johnny Jordan pointing after its arc.

"That ball," said Old Hundred truculently, "was squarely hit. It should be on the green."

When we mounted the ridge, Johnny was waiting there for us. "She looked good," he said. "I thought I heard her hit turf, but what with those damn' rats plunkin' and splashin' I couldn't be sure."

Fritz and I played up. We looked at Old Hundred. He was still scuffing around, thirty yards back and near the water's edge; right where he generally landed, despite his talk.

"Let's have one more look," said Johnny. "Come up on the green, P. Z.; we'll cover the edges—maybe she just rolled off into the shallow water."

Well, we peered and we poked, and the water was clear as crystal, but no ball. "The hell with it!" said Old Hundred peevishly. "I'm going to quit the game."

Over he stumped. Grabbed the pin, looked down.

"Here!" yelled Old Hundred. "Dear God, come here! Look—*look!*"

Following his trembling finger, we crouched over the hole. "No—*me!*" hollered old Zach as Johnny was about to lift out the miracle. "I'll get it! Wow!"

WE yelled and sang as we marched back. Johnny leading with a mid-iron for a baton, Fritz and I flanking the hero, who beamed like the setting sun and yelled every so often just because he couldn't keep still. The caddies raced ahead as couriers, shrilling the news. So that when we reached the piazza it was simply bulging with members in all stages of undress, and uniform only in regard to noise. "No kidding!" they screamed. "Did he do it—no kidding?"

"You're damn' right he did it!" we screamed back.

"Drinks!" yelled little Shuttleworth, the club Scotchman. "Drinks on Old Hundred—am I right?"

A roaring chorus of assent wafted us inside and downstairs to the bar.

In the very middle of this I ducked off to the locker room after Johnny Jordan, who had given me the finger.

"What's up?" I said.

"Come along," said Johnny, "and mind you don't open your trap."

We made our way to the end lockers, where Johnny looked around. "Hey," he called, "are you here?"

"Just about," panted Pups Colie. He was sitting on a bench, pulling off his shoes. Dripping water from every pore—hair matted over his forehead—face lumpy with mosquito bites. "Give me a shot of something," he said, "before I get pneumonia."

"Here," said Johnny, grinning. "You're some mushrat, boy! I got P. Z. off the green as soon as I could—I was afraid he'd hear your teeth chattering in those bulrushes. Yessir, you're some mushrat!"

"Mushrat hell!" grinned the kid. "I'm an economist!"

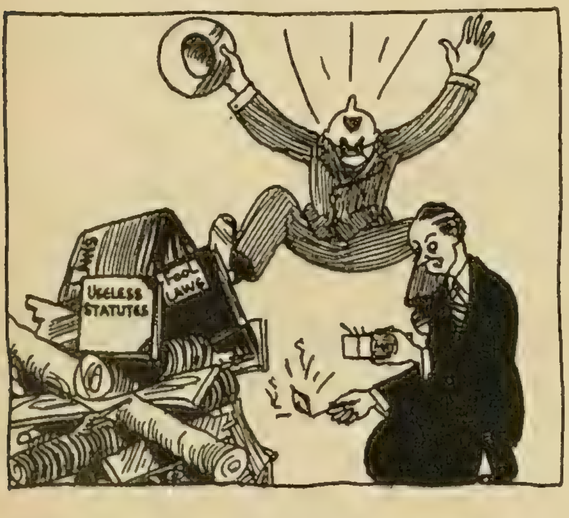
THE END

VOX

About Those Fool Laws and—

Boston, Mass.—I don't always like your editorials. But I want to say "Amen!" to the one called "Fool Laws—Why Not Be Rid of Them?"

What a laughingstock we Americans are to the rest of the world, with our simple-minded conviction that we can legislate people into goodness! And even more farcical is the fact that we clutter up our legal literature with innumerable statutes, and then, sighing with relief and murmuring "That's *that!*" we proceed, preposterously, to forget and disregard most of the laws we have just made.



We are the only nation on God's green earth which so flagrantly and brazenly chooses which statutes it shall obey and which it shall toss into the ash can.

You referred to one of our congressmen who said that if our law books and legal records were burned in a bonfire, and we had to start all over again with a few laws based on simple justice, we'd be better off.

Well, if they ever start that bonfire, just let me know, and I'll be there to lead the cheers as the flames do their work.—*G. Foster.*

Richmond, Va.—Your editorial in the November 5 issue of Liberty, under the caption: "Fool Laws—Why Not Be Rid of Them?" is very timely.

Why not advocate preventing further accumulation by the simple expedient of making all laws in future expire by limitation unless sooner repealed or extended?

That would automatically rid us of undesirable laws, and no law should be enacted for a period longer than five years.—*F. H. Poston.*

—Those Taxes

San Diego, Calif.—Your editorial, "Remove All Taxes from Capital and Labor," in the issue of October 29, sends a thrill of joy and praise to many thousands of Americans throughout our country.

We certainly extend to you the honor of being the first editor and publisher of a popular magazine to speak a word for economic justice—the elimination of special privilege—and an honest equality of opportunity.

In my humble opinion, you are making history—John the Baptist of the Golden Era, when the Rule of Gold is superseded by the Golden Rule.—*T. T. Taber.*

Green Forest, Ark.—That boy who wrote "Remove All Taxes from Capital and Labor" surely has some clear ideas to present. He would give us a better relief measure than all of the politicians' plans together.—*H. A. Roberts.*

A Canadian Single Taxer

Ottawa, Ont., Can.—As a reader of your magazine for many years, I admit, shamelessly, that I always read it from cover to cover and enjoy most of it. None but an egotistical fool could expect a magazine to cater exclusively to his individual tastes, opinions, beliefs, and superstitions.

Particularly do I rejoice in your editorial of October 29. I had not thought that in my lifetime I would read such an outspoken pronouncement in one of the widest-read magazines in the English-speaking world. Something is happening. Someone is doing serious and independent thinking.

Mark G. McElhinney

I read Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" forty years ago. It appealed to me as logical, but I was not quite satisfied as I was ignorant of the subject of economics in general.

My curiosity was aroused and I plunged into the subject. It is wide and vastly interesting.

In my humble opinion, Single Tax is not a cure-all, for there is no such animal, but it is an imminent and necessary step in our economic evolution. More power to your magazine.—*Mark G. McElhinney.*

You'll Get 'Em

Baltimore, Md.—Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! Give us some more stories like "The Weaker Vessel" and "No More Orchids." What do you think we are paying our nickels for? Those two are the best you have ever published.—*Liberty Fan.*

Giving Us the Low-Down

Dearborn, Mich.—At last I have found out how you keep up your circulation. This is what you do: You give us a real good issue, then we see that you have a swell mag. So we buy it every week to try and get one just as good as that one. When we about give up you give us another good one.

Just think, if you should give us a good issue every week, how high your circulation would be.

If you do this it would mean that you would have to give us Robert Benchley every week.—*Bill.*

A Short Civil War

Colorado Springs, Colo.—"Beer or Civil War," by Rupert Hughes, was one of the finest articles on prohibition that I have read. If it hasn't succeeded in shifting a few drys over to our moist but sensible side, I miss my guess.—*Mark R. Code.*

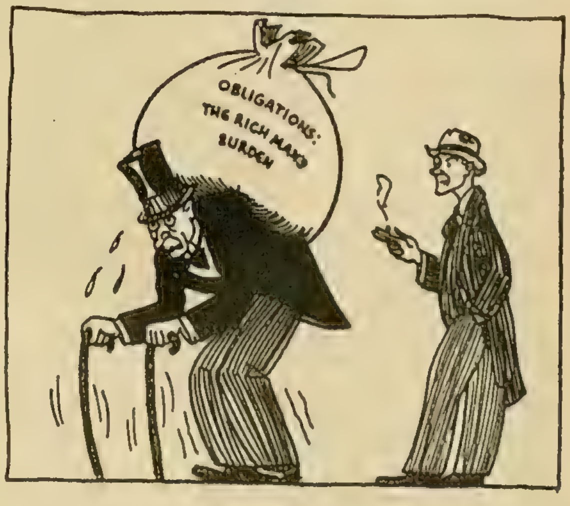
Miami, Fla.—The reading time on "Beer or Civil War," by Rupert Hughes, was given as 22 minutes 40 seconds.

I agree with what he said in the forty seconds, but the twenty-two minutes was a pure waste of time.—*Paul H. Hunt.*

That's Why We Printed the Article

Chicago, Ill.—I'm a poor man—been hit hard by the depression. I've been sour as a lemon against the rich, and felt nothing could sweeten me up. But Arthur Garfield Hays' article, "Why Our Rich Men Kill Themselves," did the trick. After reading it I'm now willing to admit that the rich have their troubles too.

What I hadn't figured on was just this: that the richer a man is, the more obligations he has to weigh him down. Fixed charges, pay rolls to be met, dependents, family responsibilities, charities he's tied up with—all that kind of thing.



I never thought I could feel slightly sorry for Mr. Millions, but that article showed me that rich men haven't quite got a corner on all the luck in the world.
—*Just a Poor Man.*

Let's Begin with Yours

Maumee, Ohio—Hunt up all of the guys that are responsible for foisting Liberty off on the public, and have a doctor examine their heads.

And if the doc says they're okay, have his head examined too!—*M. LaVerne Keller.*

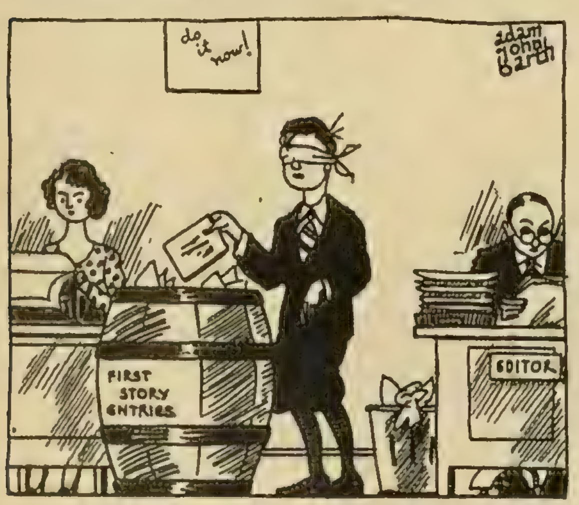
POP

adam jonny barth
VOX POP EDITOR

Too Bad You Boys Don't Live Nearer to Each Other

COLUMBUS, OHIO—After reading the story, "Ace in the Hole," by Roy Hoon, I am starting to believe that you choose your prize stories by first dumping all the entries in a barrel and then letting a blindfolded office boy pick out the prize-winning story.

Who ever heard of a steel-erecting crew raising girders in a sleet storm? I quote from the story: "A hush settled over all the waiting men, except for the low hissing of the sleet." Such rot!



Why, only back as far as your issue of October 1 you printed an article by Lowell Thomas entitled "Don't Look at Your Feet," wherein he writes, "If the wind is too strong, or if it is raining or snowing, the men are not sent aloft."

It appears that Mr. Hoon got all of his steel-erecting atmosphere from the pages of a derrick catalogue.—*Cynical Sam.*

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—All things come to those who persist. I have been reading Liberty each week for over four years hoping that sometime I would find a good story.

At last my hopes have come true. I have just had the pleasure of reading "Ace in the Hole," by Roy Hoon.

Let us have more like it.—*W. Chase.*

Real Circus Atmosphere in Anthony Abbot's Story

HAGENBECK-WALLACE CIRCUS EN ROUTE. KNOXVILLE, TENN.—I am—and have been since childhood—a circus trapeze performer of a family who have been in the business for generations. I am also an ardent reader of mystery stories. I wish to congratulate you on Anthony Abbot's circus serial now running in Liberty. It is one corking good mystery (I haven't the slightest idea who is guilty), and many of the scenes are familiar to me. I can vouch for the veracity of the circus atmosphere. It's the truest picture of circus life I've ever seen in print. My thanks to Mr. Abbot for his fair, sane treatment of our monotonously exciting lives. I am a constant reader of Liberty and I enjoy every bit of it thoroughly.

May your show go on forever.—*Joe Siegrist.*

WESTFIELD, NEW YORK—Have always recommended Liberty to my friends as it is my favorite magazine. Princess Kropotkin's page is instructive and entertaining, as is Frederick James Smith. The mystery thriller, "Murder of the Circus Queen," is a topnotcher.—*Lilion.*

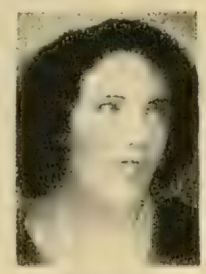
Swell Idea!

OAKLAND, CALIF.—Maybe I haven't planned sweet revenge on my enemies this year, for I'm going to give each one a year's subscription to Liberty as a Christmas present. Just imagine how they are going to rave throughout the year as they receive Liberty each week, and are reminded that I am responsible for their misery.—*Captain Walt. R. Bethel.*

It's a Gift

KERN CANYON, CALIF.—I have been a pretty steady reader of Liberty for the past two years and I think it gets better all the time. What I don't understand is how you can print so many *good* stories and articles for one little nickel.

At present I am living in the mountains, thirty-five miles from the nearest town, and I manage to get my weekly Liberty—so there must be something to it.—*Florence Councilman.*



Florence Councilman

Nice Teacher!

NEW BRITAIN, CONN.—Just a schoolteacher. Have read Liberty at intervals. After reading your prize story, "St. James' Island," I'm sold!—*S. P. P.*

Out Where the Tall Corn Grows

DES MOINES, IOWA—Keep up those editorials on the farmer. They're grand stuff. I am glad that one national magazine, at least, has not forgotten the man in the field.

People are beginning to realize that there can be no prosperity without the farmer. W. W. Moffatt of Dubuque is all wet when he says that pay rolls are the basis of prosperity, and when they fall the city man becomes a competitor by raising as much food as he can. Where does he raise it? On the top of the Empire State Building?—*A. J. Small.*

What Makes You Buy It?

UTICA, N. Y.—Liberty is like prohibition. Why? Because the majority have no use for it.—*A Reader.*

Sorry You Didn't Like It

MONTREAL, QUE., CAN.—Liberty is to be commended for giving encouragement to new writers by offering First Story prizes. The first three stories published showed literary merit, but "St. James' Island"! My Gawd, it is easily the best Worst Story you have ever published.—*Bookish.*

Mr. Lang Gets a Load Off His Chest About Girls' Schools

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I note that your editorial on girls' boarding schools stated that they are following the trend of Dickens' time, and should be brought up to date.

Schools should be modernized, and that, to my way of thinking, means that the educational part should be removed. No one uses his education if he can help it, and it is a horrible *faux pas* to exhibit knowledge, even accidentally.

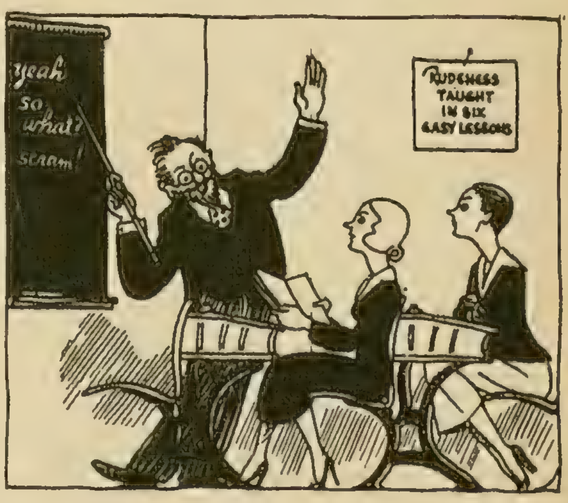
Persons knowing Shakespeare and the Bible are considered guilty of affectation and putting on airs, as well as slightly deranged.

To know the classics is downright lunacy with all the modern fiction available. Correctly spoken English is an assault to native ears.

Even a teacher is annoyed when his pupils accidentally benefit from his instructions. Pupils are an audience to watch teacher perform and it is an effrontery for a pupil to ever know what teacher knows.

The ideal college should teach athletics, selection of clothes in the present mode, proper rudeness for all occasions, the correct sneer for all established ideas, well bred destruction of all that is not understood, artistic long-distance spitting, the disastrousness of marriage, and the folly of earning a living.

There could be a postgraduate course on how to choose the worst on the radio program. The course should include the futility of people living after thirty years of age, the elimination of fat from the world, one thousand different ways to present the same movie plot, and how to make kissing safe and desirable.—*E. K. Lang.*


yeah so what? scram!
RUDENESS TAUGHT IN SIX EASY LESSONS

What Footbal
USED

The author, at the right, in 1899 as Princeton captain, with two stars of his team, Garry Cochran and, at the left, "Doc" Hillebrand. More recently "Big Bill" Edwards has been Collector of Internal Revenue at New York City.

Picture by
HARRY T. FISK

(Reading time: 15 minutes 40 seconds.)

HOWEVER "overemphasized" it may be nowadays, from the very beginning football has been an overemotionalized sport. Yet the virtues of the game are such that it managed to survive those early years in which it contained much to condemn it as an undergraduate activity—and I speak as one who played a more or less modest part in its early development.

College football was born in an age of emotionalism in which Democrats and Republicans engaged in fist fights when they met on the street; when a Presbyterian thought a Methodist was bound for eternal damnation; and when a Princeton undergraduate thought Harvard or Yale undergraduates were just made to murder. Under those conditions football naturally verged on manslaughter; hence what is known in football history as "The Bloody Angle"—the Princeton-Harvard game of 1887.

It may surprise and shock football players and fans of today to know that in those days there existed a rule that did not permit an injured player to leave the field of play without the consent of the opposing captain—and he, of course, was not inclined to permit a strong, fresh player to be substituted for one who had been battered almost to helplessness.

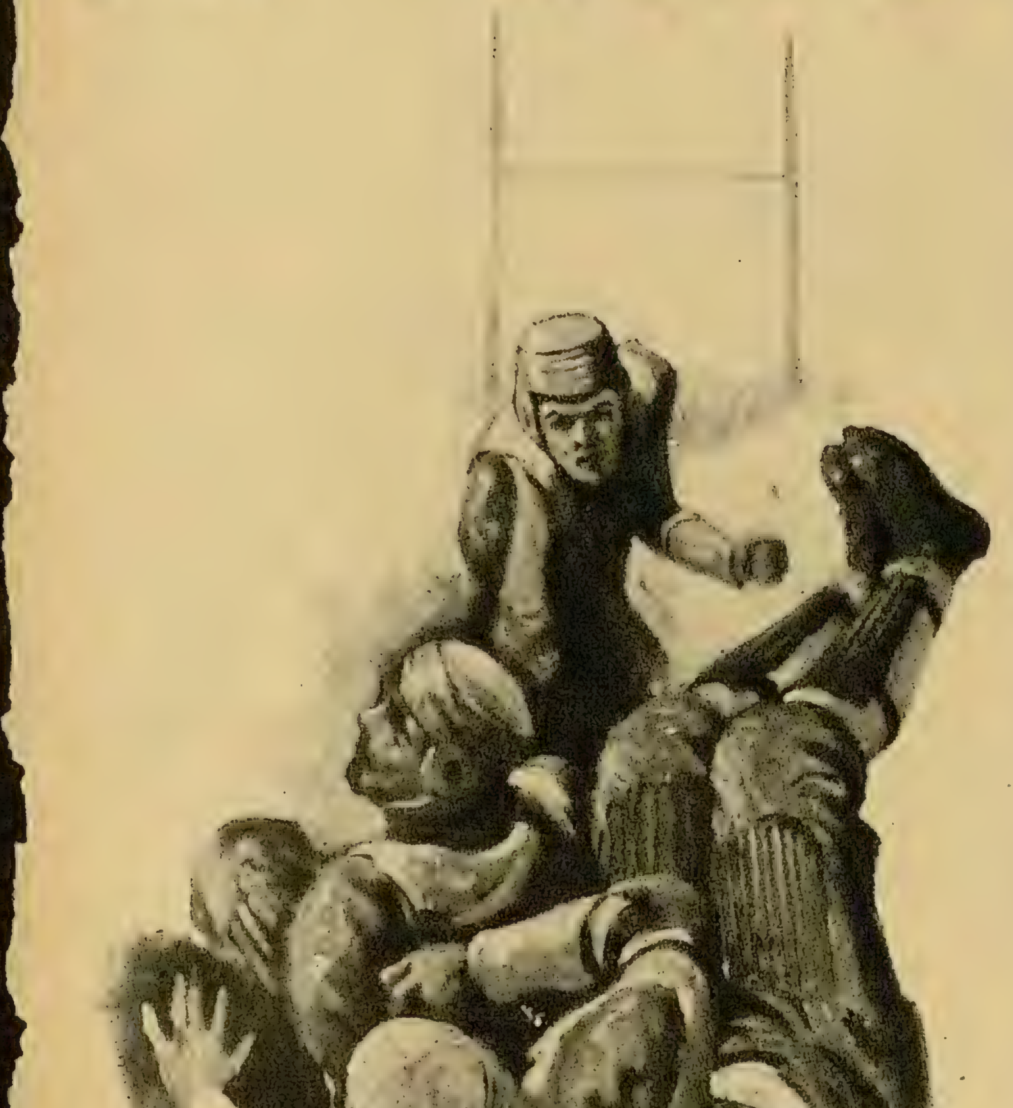
FOOTBALL educates. No other undergraduate activity develops quick thinking and timely action to the same extent.

A Famous Star of Another Day Recalls Some Celebrated Gridiron Battles of the Past

By WILLIAM H. (BIG BILL) EDWARDS

One of Princeton's greatest all-time football stars.

to BE



"Snake" Ames, the famous old Princeton halfback, played in this "Bloody Angle" of 1887 on Jarvis Field, and in going through the line on a play was tackled by Holden, the Harvard captain and the roughest and toughest player on the Harvard team. When the players were untangled it was found that Holden was unconscious and that his breastbone had been broken. From that point on no mercy was shown on either side, and Jarvis Field was converted into a shambles.

Luther Price, Princeton halfback, came out of that game with a broken nose, both eyes closed, and his canvas jacket and doeskin football pants a smear of blood. He had to prop himself against the goal posts and wait for somebody to come and get him. Snake Ames' face was a mass of bruises. Bob Church, who received the Congressional Medal of Honor for valor in the Spanish-American War, never received such a grueling in it as he did in this game. He was battered so that he found it impossible to rise and had to line up on his knees.

Several hundred Wellesley College girls were seated on benches close to the side lines, and by the middle of the second half they were holding out their handkerchiefs for the players to come and get to wipe off the blood.

In another game, between Princeton and Lehigh, Princeton players began to show great welts and bruises on their faces, particularly House Janeway, whose opponent at tackle was a big husky Lehigh player. When they finally cornered this player and ripped up his sleeve they found on his arm, under the sleeve of his jersey, a huge metal bracelet.

ELIGIBILITY rules were conspicuous by their absence. Walter Camp played with Yale six years, and Foster Sanford played on the Yale team two years before he even entered college. On one occasion Princeton needed a tackle, so Walter Cash, who had played on the University of Pennsylvania team the year before, came all the way from Wyoming to play for Princeton.

Football players drifted from college to college according to their personal inclinations—or the inducements offered. I recall the coach of a large Eastern college who had collected a star football team from the highways and byways. His team was playing in a game in which player after player had been carted off to the hospital, and his last available imported substitute had been used up. Finally, turning with a look of disgust on his face, he exclaimed:

"Hell! Now I'll have to put in a couple of students!"

My first year in prep school at Lawrenceville I played at right guard on the scrub. Our back-field ace on the Lawrenceville varsity was Charlie de Saulles, who later went to Yale and beat Princeton in the game of 1897 with two long runs, one of sixty and one of fifty-five yards. The year before I entered Lawrenceville, de Saulles' running mate in the Lawrenceville back-field was Garry Cochran, who captained the 1897 Princeton team that de Saulles defeated. Though they were team mates at Lawrenceville, when they separated, Garry Cochran to go to Princeton and de Saulles later to enter Yale, they made a vow that if they ever met in a Yale-Princeton game one of them would be so badly injured that he would have to leave the field.

I played in the game in which that vow was kept—the Yale-Princeton game of 1897. Just before the game, "Sport" Armstrong, star Princeton guard, was injured so severely that for days his life was despaired of. I took his place. My opponent on the Yale team was Charlie Chadwick, Yale's champion strong man. Chadwick was an irresponsible creature whom, in spite of his great strength, the Yale coaches had refused to permit in the game until Foster Sanford had drilled him specially for the Harvard and Princeton games by training him, when asked how he would play if he got into the game, to shout at the top of his voice, "I'll play like hell!"

Sanford then instructed Julian Curtis, who was in

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charge of the cheering squad, to have the whole squad yell for " Chadwick! Chadwick! We want Chadwick! " when he gave the signal. At this yell for him, Chadwick would get up and trot up and down the side line, posing for the crowd, and when Sanford would give him his cue he would stop, stick out his huge chest, turn his nose up in the air, and shout: " I'll play like hell! "

Our coaches had made a study of Chadwick's temperament and had instructed me accordingly. In the first scrimmage I delivered their message in the form of a straight-arm blow full in Chadwick's face. This greeting was returned immediately by Chadwick, and the scrap was on. As a result, I came out of that game with a face that resembled a piece of raw beefsteak, and I spent three weeks in the University of Pennsylvania hospital.

Opposing Garry Cochran and me on the Yale team that day were three of our former team mates at Lawrenceville—Charlie de Saulles, George Cadwalader, and Charlie Dudley—but there were no greetings of one old schoolmate to another. The mere fact we had been team mates made us more bitter as opponents, and de Saulles and Cochran hadn't forgotten their pledge to each other.

This was the game that established the name of Charlie de Saulles as a college football hero. As he turned our end on his fifty-five-yard run, Garry Cochran made a dive for him. Here was that meeting that they had pledged would cause one of them to leave the game. As Cochran dived, de Saulles leaped into the air feet first, then straightened out, caromed off to one side, regained his stride, and raced on down the field to our twenty-five-yard line, where he was finally tackled by Billy Bannard. Behind him Garry Cochran lay groaning on the ground—with his right shoulder broken.

AFTER being helped to the side lines Cochran had his left shoulder bound up, to conceal the real location of his injury from the Yale players, and came back into the game again. He continued to play only until he tried to stop another run of de Saulles', when he left the game for good. Charlie de Saulles had kept his prep-school pledge to Cochran, and that was the last game of football that Garry Cochran played.

The fact that it was another of our old Lawrenceville team mates, Charlie Dudley, who took the ball over for the only touchdown of the game after de Saulles had carried it to the twenty-five-yard line, didn't make either Cochran or me feel any better about it—and, as if in a deliberate attempt to add insult to injury, Dudley had on one Lawrenceville stocking when he did it.

This, my first big college game, and my last one—also a bitterly fought battle against Yale—are the two games that will probably live longest in my memory. The latter was the Princeton-Yale game of 1899—the game that made Arthur Poe a Yale-game hero for the second consecutive year.

Seven minutes after the opening whistle blew in this 1899 game with Yale, " Bosey " Reiter had scored a touchdown for Princeton over along the side of the field. Bert Wheeler then punted the ball out to Hutchinson, in accordance with the rules of those days, and Hutch heeled the catch in front of the goal posts. Wheeler then kicked the goal for the extra point.

As Princeton never had beaten Yale two years in succession, this score, following the Princeton victory of 1898 when Arthur Poe had picked up a fumble and raced to a touchdown, aroused all the bulldog spirit of Yale. From that point on it was a fight. " Doc " Hillebrand, Princeton's All-American tackle, went out of the game with a broken collar bone. " Bummie " Booth, Princeton center, was so severely injured he had to be replaced by Bannard. Before the first half was over, eight Princeton regulars had been shipped off to the side lines and eight substitutes were in Princeton's line-up.

WE were forced back to our own ten-yard line, where Wheeler dropped back to kick. The big Yale line was on its toes. Stillman broke through and blocked the kick, and McBride fell on the ball behind the goal line, scoring a touchdown for Yale. Gordon Brown missed the try for the extra point, and the score was 6 to 5 in favor of Princeton.

Then Al Sharpe kicked a field goal for Yale from the forty-five-yard line, and the first half ended with Yale ahead 10 to 6 (a field goal counting five points in those days).

The last half of this game is everlastingly impressed on my memory. Poe, Pell, and myself were the only three members of the original Princeton line-up left in the game, and we were rather the worse for wear. The side lines looked like a battlefield strewn with the wounded. As captain of this Princeton team, I appealed to those eight substitutes in our line-up to play not only for Princeton but for the injured men whose places they had taken.

It was a Yale fumble that gave us the chance we were waiting for—but it looked as though it came too late. Bill Roper, who had taken Lew Palmer's place at left end, had his faculties alert and fell on the ball. There were only thirty-six seconds left to play, and we all realized that something extraordinary would have to be done, or at least tried. We could never advance the ball to the goal line in those few seconds of the game that were left—and our goal kicker, Bert Wheeler, was out of the game.

It remained for Arthur Poe, one of the nerviest little players that ever lived, to come to the rescue.

" We've got to try a goal from the field, Bill," he said to me. " Let me try it; you might as well—we haven't much time."

As I glanced around from my position in the line to see if our defensive formation was right, how small little Arthur Poe looked there in the fullback position!—he weighed only 135 pounds. Here was a little man trying something he had never even tried before—and the game depended upon his success.

During the seconds preceding Poe's kick I was conscious of a queer obsession. They had accorded me the sobriquet of "Big Bill"—but until that minute I had never really *felt* how big I was. I imagined myself as big as an elephant. I thought of a million things, but most of all I thought the kick would be sure to be blocked—*that I myself would block it.* I feared Poe couldn't clear that huge bulk of mine; that he would kick the ball into me.

Brown Bros. photo

The six famous Poe brothers, all Princeton varsity players. Left to right: Arthur Poe, '00; S. Johnson Poe, '84; Neilson Poe, '97; Edgar Allan Poe, '91; Gresham H. Poe, '02, and John P. Poe, Jr., '95.

Horace Bannard was playing center. I had my left hand clasped under the elastic in his trouser leg, ready to form a barrier against the Yale forwards. I crouched as low as I could, and the more I worried the larger I seemed to grow. It seemed as if I were swelling up. Then, after what appeared to be ages of this mental torment, I heard a dull *plunk* behind me—and I held my breath and tried to shrink up smaller than ever.

THEY told me afterward that I turned a somersault and landed on my ear, then collapsed. I don't know—and I don't care. The only thing that mattered just then, and the only thing that matters even now, thirty-three years later, was the fact that the ball sailed squarely over the crossbar, and thirty seconds later the game ended, with Princeton winning, 11 to 10.

"Doc" Hillebrand and I ended that night together. When we woke in the morning the Yale football was there between our pillows, the bandaged shoulder and broken collar bone of Hillebrand nestling close to it.

The extraordinary thing about that field goal of Poe's, aside from the fact that he never before had done such a thing, was that he *kicked it with his instep*—as both he and Palmer, the ends, wore light running shoes that were without heavy sole or kicking toe.

You who have never played college football may find it hard to appreciate the intense emotionalism of the game—the extremes of exaltation in victory and depression in defeat. No other game quite equals it in this respect. Yet the singular emotionalism of football is not all confined to the players. John C. Bell, who was then district attorney of Philadelphia, has told about receiving the news of Pennsylvania's victory over Harvard in 1904.

"THIS victory came after five years of continuous defeats," said Bell, "and I recall that Dr. J. William White, C. S. W. Packard, and I were playing golf at the country club when somebody brought out the score to us in a telegram from Cambridge, where the game was played. Immediately, with one accord, we dropped our clubs, clasped hands, and executed an Indian dance, shouting and singing, 'Rah! Rah! Rah! Pennsyl-van-i-a!'"

What is there about a game that makes the leading surgeon of a city, the president of its oldest and largest trust company, and the district attorney thus jump for joy and become just boys again?

Even in the early days, before the small college had advanced to the eminence of providing serious competition in football to the big colleges, the drudgery of football was tremendous. The varsity players took a keen delight in slugging and maiming the scrub players of their own college in practice scrimmages, and I recall an indignation meeting held by the Princeton scrubs to discuss plans for curbing the activities of Bill Church, Baird, and others in this direction.

In one of these terrible practice scrimmages during my freshman year at Princeton I was playing guard on the scrub against the varsity, opposing Edwin Crowdis in the line. The varsity could make no headway against the scrubs, and Bill Church, varsity tackle, was frantic. Church played alongside of Crowdis in the varsity line, and, angry at the fact that I was going through very low and carrying Crowdis back into the varsity plays when they had the ball, he told Crowdis to hit me. Finally, after I had stopped several plays, he said, "If you don't hit him I will." On the next play, when I was at the

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bottom of the heap in a scrimmage, he handed me one of those stiff "Bill Church blows," emphasizing it with his leather thumb protector. There was a lively mix-up, and I still carry a "tin ear" as a result of that blow from Bill Church to remind me of what that early football practice was like.

In the fall of 1902, at Yale, which was Tom Shevlin's first year, Mike Sweeney, who had been Shevlin's trainer and coach at Hill School, was in New Haven watching the practice for the opening game of the season. The backs were sent down the field to catch punts, while the heavy linesmen came rushing down and crashed into them, the coaches urging them to "hit them harder." Five of the Yale backs had been sent to the hospital in this "practice," some of them with twisted knees, and still the coaches were demanding more speed and harder tackles.

Shevlin, a tremendously strong player, had just obliterated a 150-pound back who had lost the ball, the further use of his legs, and all his varsity aspirations at the same time. Passing Mike Sweeney on his way back up the field, Tom Shevlin remarked:

"Mike, this isn't football. This is war!"

EVEN today the majority of undergraduates turn to games that are more fun and less drudgery. Many of those who have played the game have played only because they felt they were expected to do so and would be lacking in loyalty to their college if they refused. On the other hand, there have been players whom you almost had to *kill* to keep them out of the game.

In the Harvard-Yale game of 1898, which Harvard won, 17 to 0, Morris Ely, New York, had two ribs broken a few minutes after the opening kick-off. Ely, who weighed only 135 pounds and was the smallest player on the field, received this injury when Percy Jaffrey of Harvard threw his big bulk on Ely's prostrate form in an effort to make him drop a fumbled ball back of his own goal line. Ely was picked up and carted off to the side lines, where he jerked himself free from those who held him, lifted up his jersey, and taking off one of his shin guards, strapped it over his broken ribs and fought his way back into the game again.

In the second half Ely tried to stop one of "Big Ben" Dibblee's runs and in doing so received a broken collar bone to add to his two fractured ribs. Still, he not only stayed in the game to the end but continued to play one of the most ferocious games on the field for the balance of the afternoon. What is more, a few minutes before the game ended it was Ely, with two broken ribs and a fractured collar bone, who *called his own signal* and, in a desperate effort to score, carried the ball through to Harvard's ten-yard line, where he was tackled hard by Charlie Daley.

GEORGE WOODRUFF, Assistant Attorney General of the United States in President Theodore Roosevelt's cabinet and since appointed head of the Civil Service Commission in Pennsylvania, came out of the Yale-Harvard game of 1886 with a nose badly broken from an intentional blow. George Carter had a cut requiring eight stitches above his eye. Another Yale tackle had a face that was pounded black and blue all over.

That was the environment in which this game was born, the air that was breathed into its blood during those years in which the colleges sought for public approval and support—and now it has grown up we have to save it from itself.

As a nation we are not so emotional as we used to be, and modern football shows the restraining influence of the times. Under modern rules and with proper restrictions, football is too important a part of undergraduate activity to be permitted to kill itself off from "over-emphasis." I think it was Huxley who said: "The true object of all education is to develop ability to do the thing that ought to be done *when* it ought to be done, whether one feels like doing it or not." No other undergraduate activity develops this to the extent that football does.

THE END

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Synonymous

THE conversation had been about alibis and their uses. Subsequently Micky asked permission to play in a neighbor's yard. His mother recounted all the reasons why he could not go, only to be met with this rejoinder:

"Oh, mother, you're just full of lullabies!"—Mrs. I. H. Linder, 2178 Seventh Avenue, Sacramento, Calif.

He Sideslipped

JIMMY was standing on the rear seat of the automobile when his dad applied the brakes suddenly. This landed Jimmy in my lap. "Oh, Jimmy," I complained, "why don't you sit down?"

"Don't worry, mums," came the answer. "That was just a forced landing."—Mrs. P. A. Thrasher, 14460 Hazelridge Ave., Detroit, Mich.

A Few Notes on Sleep

By DR. SEUSS

"This Image is no longer available"

"This Image is no longer available"

A NOTE ON SNORING

"I SNORED so badly," writes a man in Ohio, "that my wife finally walked out on me. I set to work and built the Snorola. Now when I snore, the snore goes into a microphone and is hurled right back at me by the loudspeaker. This wakes me up and teaches me a lesson."

A NOTE ON TOPLIKE SLEEPING

"MY husband," writes Mrs. D'H. Nelkwood of Portland, "is always boasting what a good sleeper he is. Recently he perplexed me by announcing, 'I sleep like a top.' I began taking a top to bed with me and comparing [illegible] with my husband. I may be dumb, but I can see no similarity."

"This Image is no longer available"

A NOTE ON INSOMNIA

"A SHEEP of mine suffers from insomnia," writes a Montana farmer. "Loss of sleep wrecked his health and was spoiling his wool. Sleeping potions failed, so I finally tried psychology. When a man can't sleep, I remembered, he counts sheep until he can. Reversing the process, I taught my sheep to count men. He now slumbers beautifully."

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herb roth.

I Seem REME the Name,

A Memory Test of People in the Headlines. How Many Do You Recall?

(Reading time: 6 minutes 40 seconds.)

WHERE are the headliners of yesteryear? Or those of yesterday, for that matter? If there is anything less permanent than a spotlight, you name it, mister. Believe it or Ripley, ten years from today you may be asking yourself, "Amos 'n' Andy? Let me think. They were those fellows arrested for flying over Japan, weren't they?" Or, "Al Capone? Wasn't he a crooner?"

Already you can mention the Vestris to most people and they will suggest that it was a Greek wrestling hold, or one of those Florida developments that went bad.

No farther ahead than 1940 millions of Americans will be uncertain whether Rudy Vallée was a geographical depression, a Chinese general, or the author of Mourning Becomes Electra; or if "Legs" Diamond was a baseball park or the fellow who tried to go under the North Pole in a submarine.

You may scoff at the notion that in 1942 if you were given three guesses at the answer to "Who was Albie Booth?" you might write: 1. The fellow who shot Lincoln. 2. A famous tenor on a cigarette hour. 3. I don't know; I'm a stranger here myself.

Yet that's just about what would happen.

You resent the intimation that you have a terrible memory? Very well, then. Who was Mumtaz Begum? Male or female? Vegetable or mineral? The name was on the front pages of every newspaper in the country. No, it wasn't the name of that hundred-and-fifty-year-old Turk who was hit by a taxicab on his trip to America.

Give up? All right. Let's have the facts about Karl Rosner. You remember Mr. Rosner, of course. He went over Niagara Falls in a barrel, or was received by Huey Long in his undershirt, or something.

Who was Moose Factory? Or what was Moose Factory? And did it have anything to do with the production of moose?

Remember Fred Beauvais? Gaston B. Means? Dot King? Happy Felsch? Aaron Ward? What was all that fuss about Willie Stevens? Did he win a World Series game for the Cardinals or carry the diphtheria serum to Nome?

Bald Jack Rose? Think hard! The man who was murdered in that Catskill beer racket? Don't be silly!

Who was Joyce Hawley and when? How straight are you on the facts about Sergeant York? Remember Guy Empey? Was he the Englishman who spent all those years going native with the Arabians and later became known as Aircraftsman Shaw?

Do you recall Epinard? In what year did Oom the Omnipotent win the Preakness? Was Dunboyne a horse or a British general? Was Papp a thoroughbred or a German restaurant? Tell in one paragraph the facts about Cirrus, Mad Hatter, Freddie Welsh, Fatty Arbuckle, William Taylor, the Great Lafayette, Old Rosebud, Clyde Fitch, Jack Britton, Harry Vardon, Champ Clark, Dr. Dumba, Count Leopold von Berchtold, Dr. Sawyer, Bronson Howard, Ward and Vokes, Jim Churchill.

By the way, who was Franz Ferdinand? No, he wasn't a wrestler or the composer of Madam Butterfly.

Remember the Arabic? What was it? Was Victoriano Huerta a billiard champion or a German admiral? Did Commander Nobile, General Carranza, and Admiral Sims figure in the Battle of Jutland, or am I thinking of three other fellows?

Who was Captain Fryatt? Sir Cecil Spring-Rice? Theda Bara? Zev? Was Admiral Sims' first name Addison? Who was Adeline Genée? Pawnee Bill? Jim Thorpe? Sliding Billy Watson?

Dr. Albert? Did he figure in some famous mystery in New York involving a will? Or was he a chef at the old Holland House? 'Sfunny! I recall the name but the details escape me!

Marie Corelli? Used to be fired from a gun with the old Adam Forepaugh show, didn't she? Or was that Nan Britton?

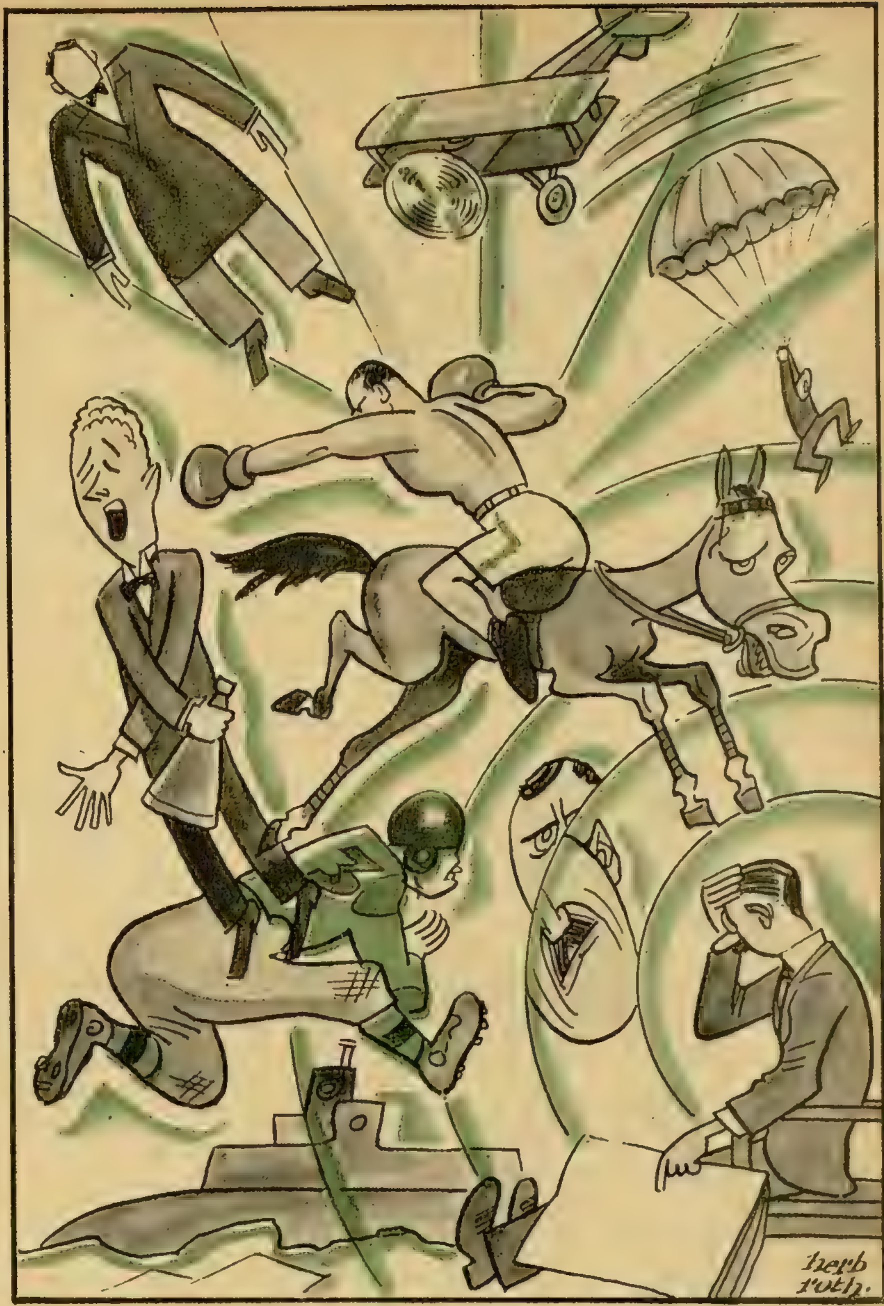
Edith Wharton, Osler, Owen Wister, E. N. Westcott,

Pictures by
HERB ROTH

to
MBER
BUT...

By

H. I. PHILLIPS



F. Hopkinson Smith, E. W. Kemble? All I know is that they were in the show business or helped form the American League or something, and even then I may be wrong. Of course we all know about Laura Jean Libby. She was the woman for whom the vegetable compound was named. Or was that the Countess Cathcart?

Who slapped Theodore Dreiser's face, or whose face was it Theodore slapped? What football player ran the wrong way with the ball? Oh, well, we can't remember everything.

Was Marion Talley a golf champion or a movie star? "Shoeless Joe" Jackson? "Kewpie" Black? "Ducky" Pond? "Stan" Keck? "Pinkie" Baker? "Don" Lourie? They were in the headlines a few years ago, and you're wrong if you think they were lawyers in the Scopes case.

By the way, what was the Scopes case?

Were Post and Gatty a tap-dancing team, a pair of radio comics, or what?

Charles Levine? Was he the Brooklyn boy who went to Spain and became a famous bullfighter? Or was that Bossy Gillis?

For what is Gertrude Ederle famous? Who was Joe Notter? Paul Berlenbach? Eddie Rickenbacker? "Butch" McDevitt? Bernt Balchen?

Who were Alcock and Brown? Hockey players? No, we're not even warm. Just a moment, please. Weren't they pretty well known aviators a decade or so ago?

How familiar is the name of Commander Karl von Müller to you now? Was the Deutschland a song, a café, a submarine, or a dirigible?

Was Alexa Sterling an opera singer, a figure skater, or a golf champion? Who was Marion Hollins? Cecil Leitch? Joyce Wethered? Molla Bjurstedt?

Was Sir Barton a whippet, a prize heifer, or a great race horse? Was he ever ridden by Willie Hoppe? Can you place Matt McGrath, Peter Manning, Capablanca, Jess Sweetser, George Kelly, William H. Anderson, Papyrus, and tell offhand which was subject to horseflies?

Did Christabel Pankhurst lead the birth-control movement, the Lucy Stone League, or what? Who is Emma Goldman? John F. Hylan? Nurmi? Joe Moore?

I seem to recall Boca Raton, Sacco-Vanzetti, and Gunnar Kasson, but I'm not sure which was a Florida boom resort. Didn't Charles Ponzi forget to touch second? Dr. Emile Coué did a mind-reading act or something, didn't he?

Who was Cipriano Castro and in what league did he pitch?

Was it Howard Carter and the Earl of Carnarvon who first flew to Australia? Was John T. King ex-President Coolidge's shoemaker or am I thinking of Michael Collins? Or was it Jim Lucey?

Was the Shenandoah an oil tanker, a stake race, or a dirigible?

HERE'S a tough one: Krishnamurti? Concentrate and don't let those children outside annoy you. The leader of the Riffs? No, you're not anywhere near it.

Have you any idea in what shooting case Ethel Conrad and Lillian Graham figured, or was it Nan Patterson?

Who were Gallagher and Shean? Did they fly that plane from Nova Scotia to England?

Do you remember Mabel Hite? Emperor Cook?

Who was W. E. D. Stokes? Fred Merkel? Bugs Raymond? Dan O'Reilly? Bessie McCoy? Arthur Twining Hadley? "Dutch" Carter? "Ping" Bodie?

Was Lefty Louie a southpaw pitcher with the Brooklyn Club? Can you place Daisy Ashford? Sylvia Carmen? Who was Jane Gibson? Jake Lingle? King Boris? Captain Ross Smith? Mustapha Kemal? Leo Frank? Hugo Stinnes? Lieutenant Becker?

And here's one that will keep you up tonight: Who was that fellow Abd-el-Krim? No, he wasn't the leader of the Young Turks. Guess again. The winner of a Nobel peace award? Go to the foot! We knew that one would stick you!

THE END

Three MEN

By ELMER

(Reading time: 20 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is the surprising story of the adventures of Beulah Malotte on a cruise to Halifax. Beulah was a small-town teacher, Vic Loring a high-school principal. When Vic proposed to Beulah she put him off, for she wanted to meet new people, see something of the world. Her bank failed. She had little money left, so compromised on the cruise. George Grendel, the defunct bank's guilty president, also started for Halifax. Beulah ran into him on board, but promised secrecy. Lonely, she thought of the ship's swimming pool. Harold Latimer, one of the bathers, looked up to see her prepared to make a perilous dive from the balcony.

PART THREE—BREAKING IN

BEULAH sprang, came down in a long swoop like a landing airplane, lit halfway down the pool in almost the only vacant spot in that crowded water, streaked downward to the safer depths—and emerged calmly just below Harold Latimer as he stood near the springboard. Her dive had been timed and measured to perfection. (Not in vain had she spent long summer days in the Branchville municipal pool with its forty-foot diving tower.) He stared at her as she came up.

Wasn't this the girl who had passed him on deck so frigidly impassive? She was impassive still; she looked right past him, ran out on the springboard, dived off.

He dived in too, swam back and forth. But you couldn't help bumping into people in that crowd. He started for the ladder, ready to go. His thrashing foot struck something that felt like hard rubber. He heard an " Ouch! " —and looked up to see the girl in sky blue nursing her shoulder.

" I'm sorry! " he said. (That foot had kicked fifty-yard field goals in its day.) " Hurt? Can I help you to the side? "

" No, thanks." But he went with her anyway, perched on the tiles beside her at the edge of the pool solicitously.

Beulah smiled, and said:

" It's all right. You couldn't help it in this crowd."

Pictures by WILL GRAVEN

So, after all, here she was talking to him, in all the clamor of splashing water, of screams and laughter.

" Very clumsy of me," he said. " Inexcusable. But I'm willing to pay reparations. Suppose we go up on the balcony and have a drink."

" All right."

So being picked up was just as easy as that! Two minutes later they were seated at one of the iron tables.

" My name's Harold Latimer," he said. " If you want references—the New York Telephone Directory." (He was in the Social Register too.)

" I'm Beulah Malotte—Miss; from Chicago." (She'd been there once.)

" I've heard of Chicago. What are you drinking? "

" What do you recommend at this time of day? " she temporized.

" They have some very fine Madeira on board. But I suppose you're too young to have heard of Madeira—unless you've drunk it in Paris."

" I'll try it," she evaded.

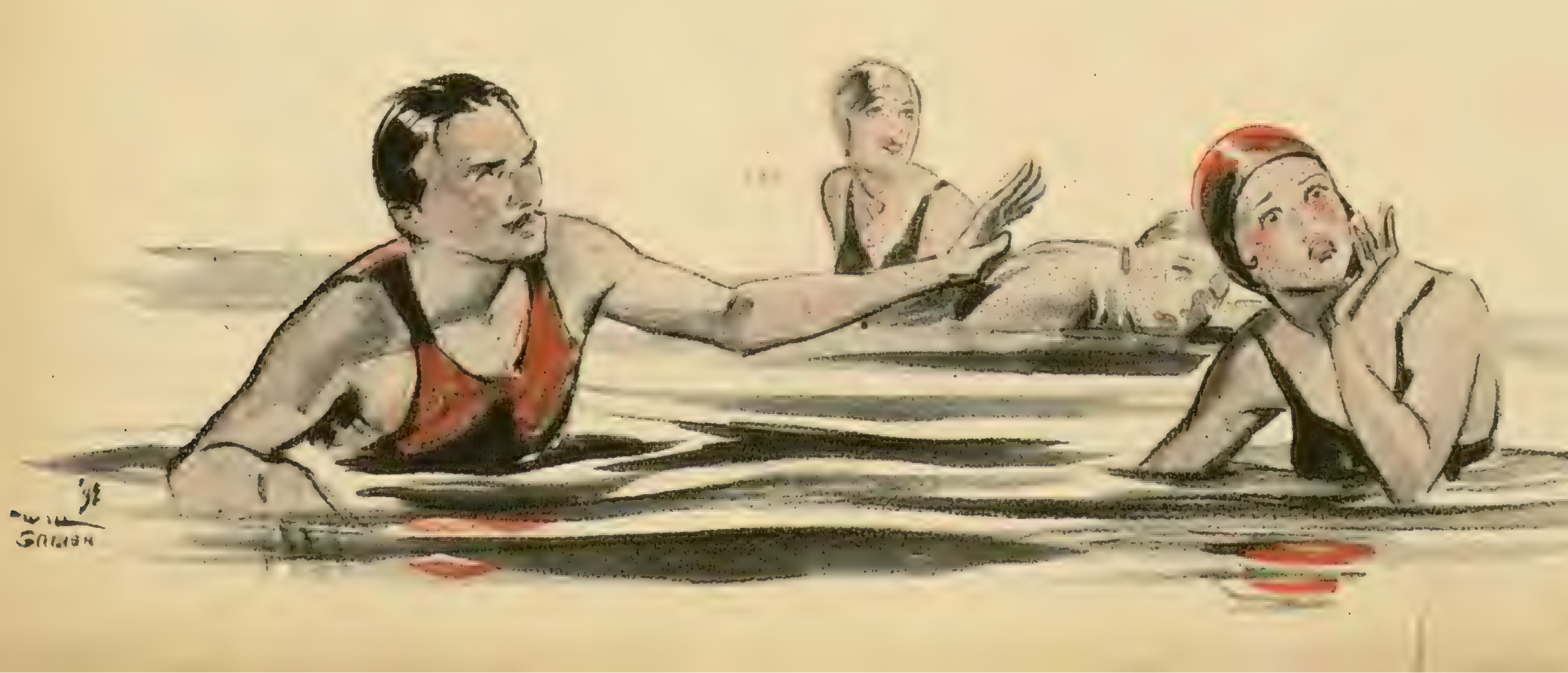
So they drank Madeira; and Beulah wondered where she'd been all her life, and felt ashamed of herself for ever having got any pleasure out of synthetic gin. This drink warmed her, soothed her; it was a sustenance, an emollient—and a solvent. She realized that she was talking a good deal.

" So you're not in a crowd? " said Latimer. " A cruise like this must be a bit dull when you're all alone."

" Oh, some of the people one meets casually are endurable."

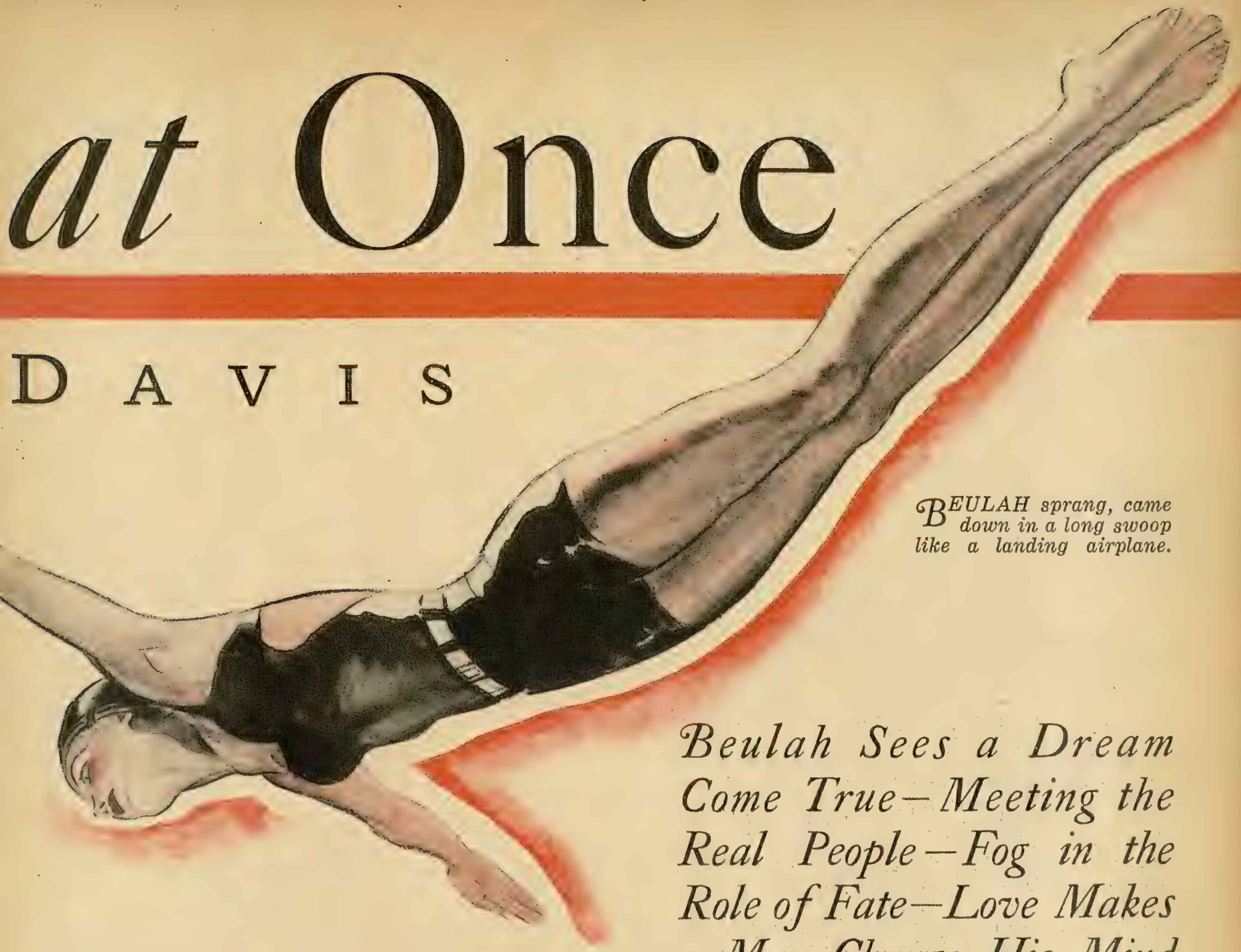
He grinned. " Look here, I'm not a bit sorry I kicked you now. Let's have another. You may not believe it, but I never take a drink in New York. My occupation disbars me."

" What? " she gasped. " You're a school-teacher too? "



at Once

DAVIS



BEULAH sprang, came down in a long swoop like a landing airplane.

Beulah Sees a Dream Come True—Meeting the Real People—Fog in the Role of Fate—Love Makes a Man Change His Mind

"No; I'm an Assistant United States District Attorney. They've stuck me with the job of prosecuting bootleggers, to my disgust; and I can't stomach the idea of buying it when I send men to jail for selling it."

She ought to have been astonished at his scruples, but she was thinking about something else. The Federal District Attorney back home was on the trail of George Grendel.

"What are you doing here?" she asked. "Trailing a—a suspect?"

"Hardly. I've seen plenty of suspicious persons aboard, but a British ship is beyond my jurisdiction. But you don't mean to tell me you're a school-teacher! What do you teach—fancy diving?"

"Mathematics. But don't tell anybody," she begged him. "This week-end I'm impersonating a woman of the world."

He wondered what she really was. Red-haired women might teach school; school-teachers might like to drink; and any girl with a perfect figure might wear a bathing suit that was next to nothing. But a girl alone, who could be picked up—no, the teachers he had known weren't like that. His background was Murray Hill, St. Paul's, Harvard, the Racquet Club. He didn't know how you might feel if you came from Branchville and wanted to see the world and the real people. But by the time they'd had another drink or two he didn't care. She was amusing; and whoever she was, whatever she was, there was nothing wrong with her manners.

Above them a bugle rang out.

"Time to dress for dinner," he said. "I hope I may have some dances with you afterward."

"But I thought you said you were in a crowd."

"The odd man in a crowd of five. Will you join us in the night club?"

"The others would have something to say about that, wouldn't they?"

"That's all right. We'll tell them I met you at a party in Chicago, when I was out there last winter on an end of the Capone case. The friends you were coming with on the cruise missed the boat, but you came anyway—"

"I see. They wouldn't care to meet an unattached girl you'd picked up in the swimming pool." Her gray eyes were hard. "Had it occurred to you that I might not care to meet your friends, either?"

He chuckled. "They're really quite respectable people. But you're right, of course," he said gravely. "Look them over after dinner. If they suit you, I'll guarantee that a friend of mine from Chicago will suit them."

SHE dressed for dinner in a daze. Everything was coming true, incredibly, after she'd resigned herself to a week-end of solitary boredom. But what was she letting herself in for? Her hesitancy about Latimer's friends had been pure bluff; she knew they must be the real people. And a girl from Branchville who'd never seen any more of the world than six weeks of Columbia summer school—

She looked all right in her evening gown of ivory satin. But suppose they asked her whom she knew in Chicago; suppose that in blank unconsciousness she did or said something that marked her as not their kind.

Well, she'd started this; she'd have to see it through. And you wouldn't have known she was nervous as she came down to dinner, rather ostentatiously late, with a casual nod to the nondescripts who shared her table; or as she met Latimer in the lounge afterward.

And, after all her apprehensions, it was simple enough. They asked no questions of a friend of Hal Latimer's from Chicago; and she found them easy to talk to. Dancing in the sort of night club she'd never been invited to in New York; drinking authentic champagne (with caution); dancing with Hal Latimer and Henry Galt and Willard Stearns in the satisfying certainty that she looked as well, and was dressed as well, as any woman on the floor—beyond doubt it had been the loveliest evening of her life, she mused at three o'clock in the morning.

The party had broken up. She was strolling the deck, her hand tucked in Hal Latimer's arm, taking the cool salt air before she went to bed. The loveliest evening of her life, and she couldn't help telling him so.

"Thank you," he said. "But—look here, my child. It's none of my affair, but if you wouldn't mind telling me just who you are—"

"I'm not your child, at least, Hal." (They'd been calling each other Hal and Beulah all evening.)

"You're—how old? Twenty-three? I'm thirty-three. So permit me to be fatherly. Madge Galt will want to know all about you tomorrow—"

"Really? Why should she? I'm not in the least curious about her." (But she had sensed all evening, behind Mrs. Galt's faultless manner, a smiling hostility to the girl Hal had brought into the party.)

"She takes a sisterly interest in my doings. We were engaged once."

"Oh. But surely she doesn't presume to censor your acquaintance list in Chicago."

He chuckled unwillingly. "You're a tantalizing person, Beulah. Won't you gratify my private curiosity, then?"

"You'd be disappointed," she warned him. "The only mystery about me is that there isn't any mystery. I'm just what I seem to be."

"BUT—" He was perplexed. "You say you're a school-teacher; and you're obviously a—a person of quality. And yet—"

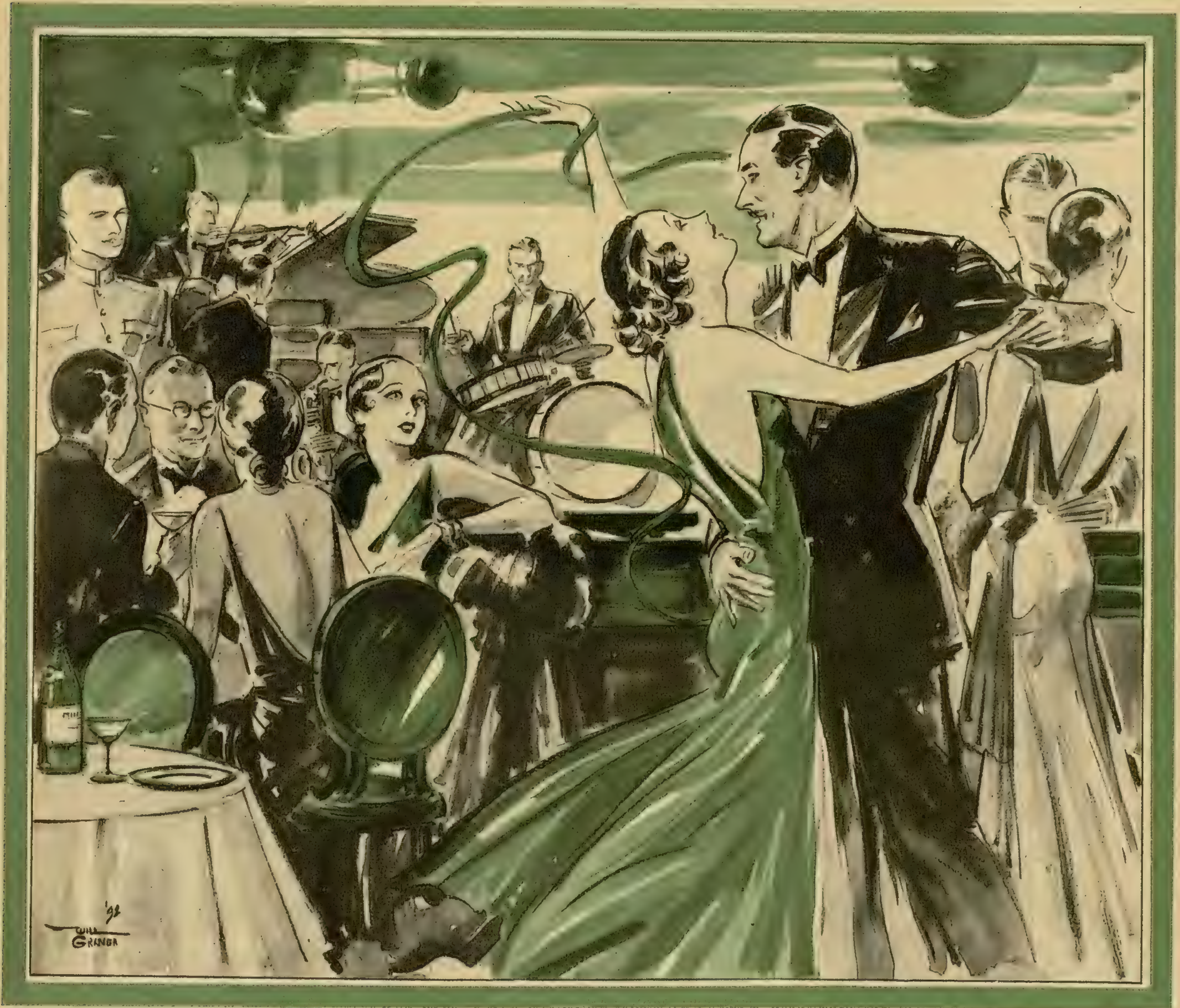
"And yet I let you pick me up," she said with a touch of bitterness. "That's something no man can ever quite forget, I suppose."

"Damn it, Beulah! I didn't mean— But it's obvious that you're not—well, the sort of woman who ordinarily goes in for pick-ups. And yet you came alone on a cruise like this. You couldn't have expected—"

"I expected to be discriminate in my choice of acquaintances. I accept the Galts and Stearnses as friends of yours."

"You'll do," he chuckled. "And you accepted me—"

"On your open, honest countenance, without guile."



Beyond doubt it had been the loveliest evening of her life.

"You won't give me any satisfaction, will you?" he muttered.

"I'm sorry, Hal. It isn't fair, when you've been so nice to me. Really I'm a school-teacher—only from a small town, not Chicago. And I came on this cruise because I supposed, in my innocence, that I'd be seeing the world. As I am, thanks to you."

"You from a small town? I don't believe it."

"Perhaps you don't know small towns. My clothes are New York, of course. As for letting you pick me up—well, others had tried it, without success. Really, Hal, I am discriminate." The instant that was said she knew it was a tactical blunder.

"I know it, my dear." He stood still; his arms went around her. She was frigid, impassive, as he kissed her. "Damn!" he growled. "What's the matter, Beulah?"

"Nothing. You couldn't be quite sure I was discriminate till I'd let you kiss me."

He released her sulkily. "I'm sorry. I can't make you out!" he exploded.

"Oh, I'm quite simple. Only I happen to have a distaste for—prematurity," she finished with a shrug.

He grinned faintly. "Then if there's still hope for me—" he began, and broke off as a belated stroller down the deck came past them.

He stared as he went by, and Beulah's heart thumped as she recognized George Grendel. Alone—at three in the morning. That was queer.

"Who was that?" Hal asked when he had passed them.

"I've no idea. Why?"

"He looked as if he knew you—and wondered what you were doing." (No doubt her father's old friend had wondered exactly that.)

"Well, I don't know him," said Beulah loyally. "I don't know anybody on this ship but you and your friends."

"Thank God you still know me," he said, "after my appalling clumsiness. Will you see Halifax with me tomorrow?"

"I'd love to, Hal." (After all, if he'd misunderstood, she'd invited misunderstanding.) "And now," she said, "I'd better go get some sleep."

She left him on the stairs with a smile of farewell. He didn't dream how hard it had been for her to stand frigid and impassive when he kissed her; but she knew it would be bad technique to respond so soon. And only last night she'd been responding—eagerly—to Vic Loring. I wonder, she mused, just how discriminate I really am!

GEORGE GRENDEL wondered that, too.

He'd gone to bed at half past ten—and lain awake for hours trying to make up his mind whether to run off tomorrow and leave his old friends who had trusted him holding the sack, or to go home, make such restitution as he could, and then go to jail. A few turns around the deck might enable him to sleep, he decided at last. He got up, dressed—and the very first turn around the deck gave him something else to worry about. A woman being kissed—that was nothing noteworthy; but when the woman was Jim Malotte's little girl from back home, who'd told him she didn't know anybody else on shipboard— She'd certainly got acquainted fast.

Back in his stateroom, trying to sleep once more, he'd told himself that it was nothing to get in a stew about. Perhaps she'd encountered some old friends after she'd seen him. After all, she was a grown-up woman; no reason why she shouldn't be kissed. And if she were being kissed out on the open deck—well, it was safer than being kissed in privacy.

Still, a cruise like this was no place for a woman like her. Worrying about her, he forgot to worry about himself and presently fell asleep.

He woke eventually—and closed his eyes again with a stifled groan. Daylight came through the porthole. The ship was motionless; the throb of engines had ceased. They were in Halifax, then—tied up at the pier. Foreign soil was just at the other end of the gangplank, and at last he'd have to make his decision. Bryant would be coming in at any moment now.

He looked at his watch—and looked again. Ten past

"I am so happy my skin is now clear"... of course she is happy—there are no more "open dates"

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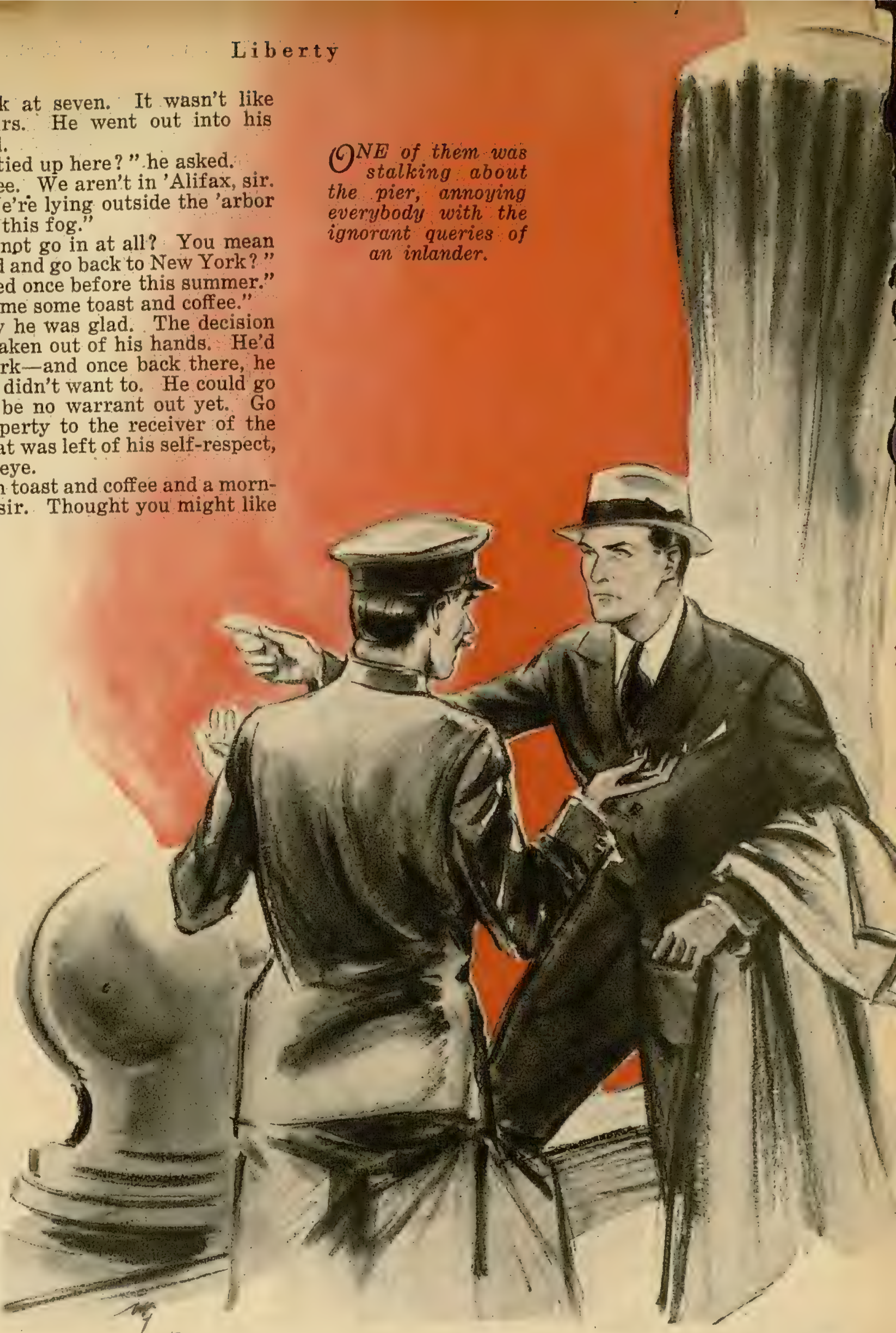

ONE of them was stalking about the pier, annoying everybody with the ignorant queries of an inlander.

ten, and they were to dock at seven. It wasn't like Bryant to waste three hours. He went out into his parlor, rang for the steward.

"How long have we been tied up here?" he asked.

"Tied up, sir? Aoh! I see. We aren't in 'Alifax, sir. May not get there at all. We're lying outside the 'arbor—don't dare try to go in, in this fog."

"Fog, eh? And we may not go in at all? You mean we might have to turn around and go back to New York?"

"That's it, sir. It 'appened once before this summer."

"I see. Well, then, bring me some toast and coffee."

And George Grendel knew he was glad. The decision he couldn't make had been taken out of his hands. He'd have to go back to New York—and once back there, he couldn't get away. Well, he didn't want to. He could go home—voluntarily; there'd be no warrant out yet. Go home, turn over all his property to the receiver of the bank, and be able to keep what was left of his self-respect, to look his old friends in the eye.

The steward returned with toast and coffee and a morning paper. "Ocean Times, sir. Thought you might like to see the latest news."

There wasn't much news in that sheet, Grendel discovered: filler such as you might find in a country weekly, half a column of stock quotations—and tucked away in a corner a few brief items received by radio: Bystanders Shot as Police Chase Gangsters. Film Star Reweds. President Sees Upturn Near. Grendel stared, shuddering, at the last item:

VANISHED BANKER SOUGHT

CHICAGO.—George Grendel, whose bank at Branchville was closed last week, was missing from his New York hotel when a deputy marshal called there with a Federal warrant. A nation-wide search has been begun for the banker, whose arrest, it is hinted, will lead to the disclosure of far-reaching scandals.

He was still staring at it, dully, when Ed Bryant came in.

"You saw this, Ed? Stannard's worked fast," said Grendel. "And I can't get off the ship." Ten minutes ago he had been glad of it; but if he had to go home handcuffed to a deputy marshal—

"There's still hope," Bryant told him. "The captain says this fog may lift any minute; and if it lifts any time before dark we'll put in at Halifax. Passengers getting on and off, not to speak of the mail. So you may be able to get away yet. Unless—"

"Unless what?" Grendel demanded. "Something gone wrong in your plan?"

"Not in my plan. But this Malotte girl from your home town— She told you she was all alone, didn't she? But last night she was dancing around in the night club with a fellow named Latimer from the Federal District Attorney's office in New York."

"My God! A stocky fellow with a black mustache? Yes, I saw her with him," said Grendel. "What's he doing aboard?"

"I wish I knew. He's in a crowd, but that tells nothing."

"But Stannard's warrant doesn't run on an English ship at sea."

"No; but a word from Latimer—or a radio message from Stannard—to the captain, and they'd arrest you and turn you over to the United States Marshal when we get back to New York. And there's only one person on shipboard, besides us, that knows that Mr. Graham Garrison is George Grendel—the girl that's playing around with a Federal Attorney. Of course he might just have picked her up—"

"No, no—impossible. Beulah Malotte wouldn't let herself be picked up. Ed, I'll go and see her; ask her—"

"You don't dare ask her anything," Bryant told him. "If she isn't working for Stannard, if her connection with Latimer is just an accident—why, if you ask her anything you tell her everything. No, George; we can't do anything but wait and see if this damned fog lifts. I only hope to God this girl hasn't read the Ocean Times!"

. . . .

She was reading it at that very moment.

She'd breakfasted in bed; and after breakfast she lay lazily smoking, realizing all over again that everything she'd vaguely hoped for and had no right to expect had come true—because Hal Latimer had liked her. She liked him too, immensely. So she didn't know why she should be worrying about what Vic Loring would think about it if he knew.

He wasn't going to know; and she wasn't tied up with him, anyway, and it was only silly to be thinking about him.

So she picked up the Ocean Times; and two minutes later she was dressing in nervous haste. But what for, exactly? She couldn't go to George Grendel and ask him if he'd wrecked a bank. Besides, if a woman was with him— But now she remembered that that had been her theory, and no doubt he'd grasped at it gratefully. Obviously he was going to Halifax to make a get-away; and when he'd offered to cash her check, why, he was trying to buy her silence—buy it cheap, at three hundred and eleven dollars! For all she knew, taking that money would have made her an accomplice. She was furious. Trying to buy Jim Malotte's daughter! No wonder he'd asked her not to tell anybody she'd seen him.

Well, that promise didn't hold now. If he'd wrecked the bank where people had put their money in the confidence that George Grendel was as safe as the United States Treasury, a good citizen would report him to the proper authorities; and she couldn't think of any authority so proper as an Assistant Federal Attorney.

But she couldn't report him. If she gave him away he'd give her away—tell them back home that he'd seen a Branchville school-teacher sitting up at a bar and buying a drink, and letting herself be kissed on the open deck at the end of an evening in a night club.

If he told that story back home, Beulah Malotte would be looking for another job—and this was no year to have to do that.

NO, she didn't dare report him: she was vulnerable. She seethed with impotent rage—till she remembered the fog. They might not put into Halifax; he might not escape, after all. Feeling better, she started for the deck—and met Hal Latimer in the corridor.

"Hello," he said. "Just coming to look for you. Beulah, how good is your game of contract?"

"Quite good indeed. We haven't much else to do in Branchville."

"Well, Bill Stearns and Henry Galt are still asleep, and the girls thought we might play some bridge, as long as we can't go ashore. We usually play a cent a point, by the way. Is that too much?"

"Not at all."

She hoped she hid her consternation. In Branchville they played for a twentieth of a cent, and a teacher didn't play for stakes at all. But her spirits were rebounding; she felt up to anything now.

"By the way," she asked him as they mounted the stairs. "Do you know a man named Stannard—the Federal District Attorney in my state?"

"I've heard of him. Don't know him. Why?"

"Oh, I thought, being in the same line of business—"

"We're not, exactly. You see, a Federal District Attorney's a politician—usually a fairly big one. But the assistants—well, there are two kinds: bright young men getting experience, and old work horses who keep things going. I started as one of the bright young men; but I didn't get out in time, and if I'm not careful I'll be one of the old work horses."

"BUT why, Hal? Why didn't you get out?"

He shrugged. "I was engaged to Madge in those days. It was a rather exhausting occupation. I knew I'd need a connection that promised money before I could marry her; and while I was looking for it she threw me over for Galt. Well—I like a prosecutor's work; I stayed on because I didn't particularly want to do anything else. Now they've stuck me with the dull work—"

"Why do you let them? Can't you put it up to your chief?"

"We haven't any chief right now. The job's been vacant for months while two factions in the organization fight over it. There's been a movement to compromise on a nonpolitical appointment—promote one of the assistants. I think I could get it if I put over something big; but so long as they keep me prosecuting bootleggers— That's a petty job, and unpopular. No publicity in it."

She was silent as they turned into the lounge. If she told him about George Grendel, if he turned up a defaulting banker who had escaped the marshals, he'd get publicity—big publicity; good publicity. She could get him that job—at the cost of her own. No percentage in that. She owed him a good deal, but not that much. But, anyway, she loved to play bridge. Who cared if they never put into Halifax?

. . . That was selfish. A number of people cared—a dozen passengers who meant to leave the ship at Halifax, a dozen newcomers who hoped to get on there for the return trip to New York.

One of them—a young man with brown eyes and dark wavy hair—was stalking about the pier, annoying everybody with the ignorant queries of an inlander. Wasn't there some way to get to the Athena, hidden in the fog on the open sea? A young man who had left the New York pier carrying a broken ribbon of green paper—who, when he got to the railroad station, had on reckless impulse taken a midnight train to Halifax instead of the midnight train back home!

In next week's installment you'll learn whether or not this young man is able to get aboard the Athena.

Ease the Pain and SLEEP!

"We're mighty lucky to have this bottle of Sloan's in the house tonight."

"You said it! That pain won't keep me awake now. It feels better already!"

LAME BACK

—lumbago

The one sure relief for backache is Sloan's Liniment. Because Sloan's rushes fresh blood to the sore spot *instantly*—and this fresh blood stops pain, relaxes muscles, warms and soothes you. Your sleep is not spoiled. No wonder so many millions of people call Sloan's a godsend! . . . And remember—it costs only 35¢!

SLOAN'S

World Famous Liniment used by 133 Nations

Stop Itching

Surprising and gratifying is the way soothing, cooling Zemo relieves itching Rash and Eczema in just about five seconds. Such wonderful results are praised by millions—and this is because Zemo contains rare ingredients not found in cheaper remedies. Wonderful, also, for clearing up Pimples, Ringworm and other skin and scalp irritations—Zemo is worth the price because you get relief. All druggists', 35c, 60c, $1. Extra Strength Zemo, double results, $1.25.

zemo

FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

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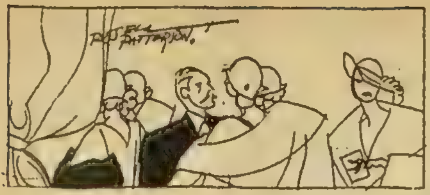


TO THE LADIES!

By

Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 45 seconds.)

IN the beginning was Lenore Ulric. As Tiger Rose she set the passion pace for the American stage way back in 1917. She's still so youthful that it's hard to think of her as a pioneer, but that's what she is. She was only fifteen, however, when she started her stage career.

Her real name is von Ulric, and she attributes her emotional temperament to her German blood.

"It is wrong to think of Germans as phlegmatic," she told me. "Look at Goethe! Look at Wagner! Full of passionate feeling. Look at *Marlayna* Dietrich!" (That's how Lenore pronounced it.) Miss Ulric has very decided ideas about emotion.

"It may not be ladylike to give way to tantrums of temper," she said; "but it is just as bad, if not worse, to think that being suppressed is well bred. Oscar Wilde described a certain woman by saying, 'She's too refined to be a lady.'"

The celebrated mop of Ulric hair gives her more trouble than her temperament. She blames her hair on her father. When she was six years old he shaved her head as bare as an egg. After the shave her hair grew out wild and savage, she says, and has been so ever since.

Of the late David Belasco, who discovered her talent, Miss Ulric has eloquently little to say.

"He made me," she declared. "Everything that I am I owe to him. There can never be anyone like him again. So what's the use of talking?"

Lenore Ulric

Ignoring the merit, or otherwise, of her recent plays, I see Lenore Ulric as a unique figure. In a way, you might call her the only passion flower now blooming on the American stage.

THE English "cozy" that keeps my teapot hot on the table surprises many of my friends in this country. "What a good idea!" they say. "Why don't we use them here?" Well, why not? They're quite easy to make. Four beehive-shaped pieces of thick padded material are sewn together, forming a hatlike cover, sort of a toque. It should be big enough to fit over your teapot or coffeepot snugly, but not too tight. Sew a little pigtail on the pointed top to lift it off by. Will keep your coffee hot an hour or more. And looks very nice on the table if made of gay, pretty stuff.

A MATRIMONIAL bureau operating under the dignified patronage of the Prime Minister of France has been averaging six hundred marriages a year for several years.

I can't make out why they call it the Green Border Club. Dances are held, where the members meet and dance together without formal introduction. Those who never have been married wear a white ribbon. A green ribbon is worn by widows, widowers, and veterans of divorce.

When a couple of them take to each other they inform the president of the club, who gives them a printed questionnaire to fill out. They state their age, parentage, profession, weight, height, etc., and say what qualities they desire in a mate. They must then pass a thorough physical examination. Whereupon, if everything is O. K., the club announces their forthcoming marriage.

A WOMAN with whom I became acquainted some time ago impressed me as being—well, not exactly a belligerent female perhaps, but certainly a scrappy lady. We went shopping together, and the way she got what she wanted was forceful, to say the least. When I visited her home I was rather surprised to find that with her husband and family she was not at all overassertive or exacting.

But I understood why this was so when I heard her carry on a telephone crusade against the wiles of her neighborhood grocers. They did not have a certain brand of mayonnaise that she preferred. None of them had it. She phoned the manufacturer, talked with his sales manager, learned that her grocers were under contract to stock that brand but were not doing so because they made a little more profit selling an inferior one.

The manufacturer thanked her for phoning, and told her that her neighborhood grocers would be brought promptly into line.

"There you are," she said to me. "Any housewife with a little spunk can get what she wants from the stores. You don't have to be unladylike about it, either. But you *must* fight now and then."

Good girl! She gets her natural scrappiness out of her system with constructive results instead of wasting it in domestic bickering.

"PUT a dress away for five years and it will be fashionable again." Although that saying originated in a bygone period when the practice of thrift was taken for granted, we have seen it come true this season with the return of the two-piece dress after four years of oblivion.

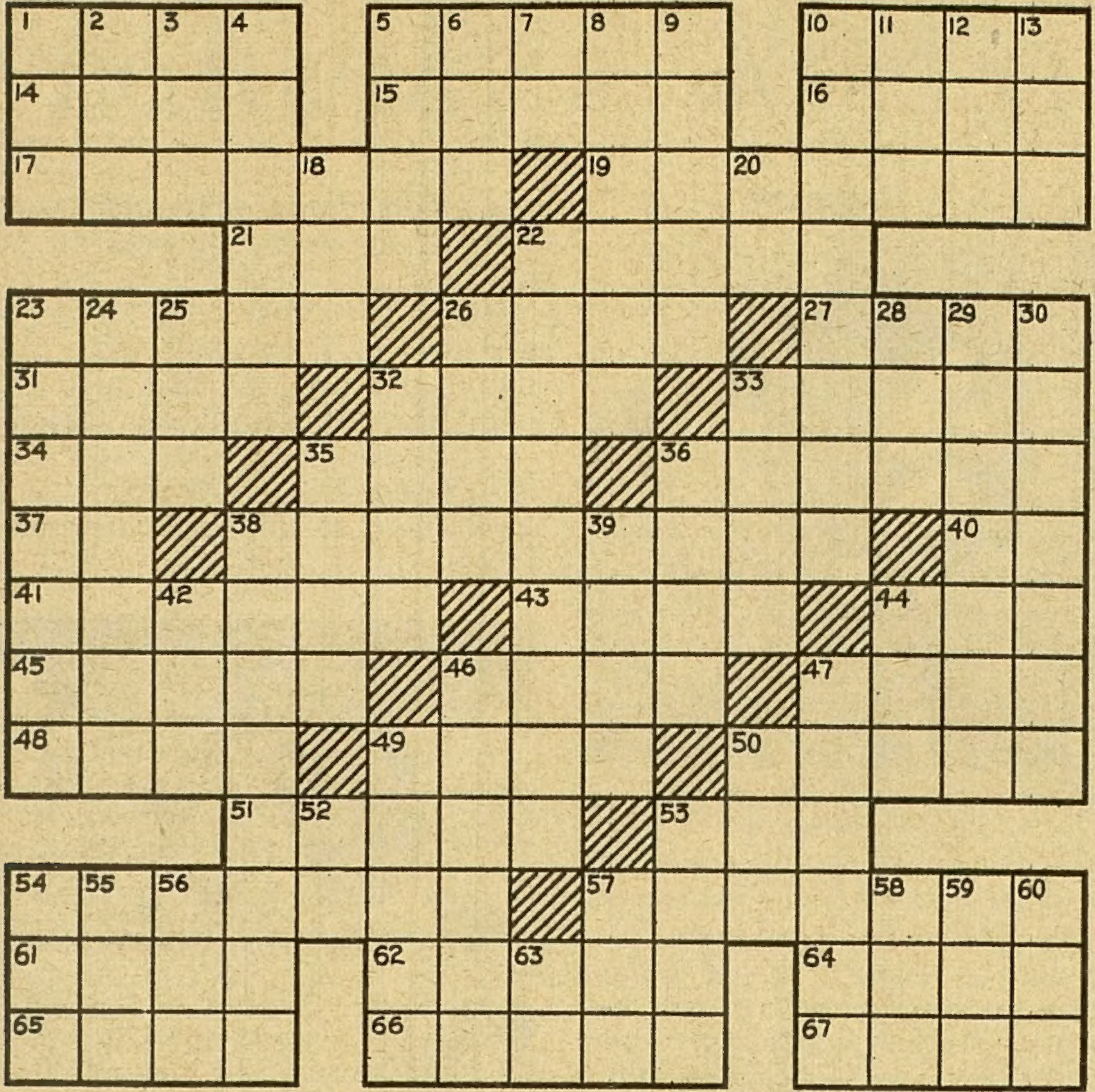
This year the two-piece sports dress is definitely back in the forefront of fashion, and from Paris I hear that a two-piece evening dress with "jumper" type top of lamé and plain straight skirt of satin or velvet is *the* very latest thing.

WEEKS ago a friend of mine showed me her Christmas purchases all wrapped up and ready. I must say that, of all the people I know, she's the one who gets the most fun out of Christmas. No rush. Lots of anticipation.

I want to tell you also about three girls, all of them broke this year, who seem to have hit upon an excellent Christmas-present scheme. Instead of spending money they can't afford, they are going to help one another make underclothing and dresses. Luckily, all three are clever at sewing. Giving labor, when you have no money, strikes me as being a sensible and charming Christmas idea.

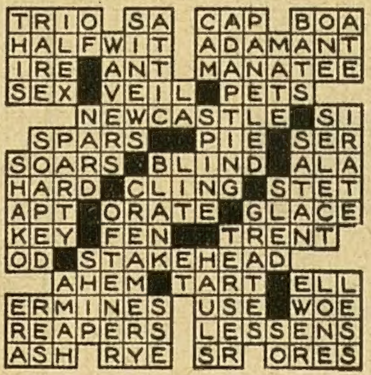
CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 A very reticent person
5 Distinguished American family
10 A New Zealand tree
14 Congealed dew
15 Violent derangement of mind
16 An entrance
17 Longed
19 Having small mouth-like openings
21 A descendant
22 Adult male of red deer (plural)
23 Rendered, as lard
26 The solar disk, in Egyptian mythology
27 Lifted or raised with exertion
31 Spirited
32 Support for either end of a bridge span
33 Relating to an hour
34 Metal in its native state
35 Load
36 Mental state, as of a body of men
37 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
38 Soft fluffy feathers
40 Type of electric current (initials)
41 Old World wild goats
43 Painful
44 An insect
45 Quoted
46 Egyptian deity
47 Step
48 Asterisk
49 A month of the Jewish year



TRIO SA CAP BOA
HALFWIT ADAMANT
IRE ANT MANATEE
SEX VEIL PETS
NEWCASTLE SI
SPARS PIE SER
SOARS BLIND ALA
HARD CLING STET
APT ORATE GLACE
KEY FEN TRENT
OD STAKEHEAD
AHEM TART ELL
ERMINES USE WOE
REAPERS LESSENS
ASH RYE SR ORES

Answer to last week's puzzle

50 Denuded
51 City in Panama
53 Cooking vessel
54 One who regards with approbation
57 Roves
61 Hawaiian wreaths
62 Relief force for carrying on work
64 County in New York
65 Unaspirated consonant
66 Monarchs
67 A tear

VERTICAL

1 Shout
2 Recline
3 Vessel used for wine in early Christian church
4 River in England
5 Word of ratification
6 Father
7 Indefinite article
8 A title of courtesy
9 The archfiend
10 Device used as a crane hook
11 Woman's name
12 Titmouse
13 Devoured
18 Land into which Cain fled
20 King of Bashan
22 Helmsman
23 Region lying between Capricorn and Cancer
24 A dish of cheese with ale and condiments
25 To frost
26 An assistant
28 Old money of account
29 Curtains for a bed
30 Chosen
32 Cushions
33 Inventor of the sewing machine
35 Prevaricated
36 Morning
38 Practice
39 Portal
42 A Greek letter
44 River in Switzerland
46 Worships
47 Cater to
49 Watchful
50 Forbid
52 Either
53 Requites
54 Entire
55 River in England and Wales
56 Egyptian deity
57 Armed conflict
58 Sooner than
59 Japanese measure of length
60 Collection of things belonging together
63 Syllable sounded in solmization

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 27

1—Knut Hamsun.

2—The small division of the brain which lies at the base of the skull.

3—The use of more words than necessary.

4—An East Indian annual plant.

5—The people who, in the time of Julius Cæsar, occupied what is now Switzerland.

6—Probably because the first such volume, said to have been first used by Mercator, had in the front a picture of Atlas supporting the world.

7—They are gender forms without gender significance.

8—Minorca.

9—A period when the day and night are of equal length.

10—A dummy piece of artillery, usually of wood.

11—Made of, or decorated with, gold and ivory, as certain statues of the Greeks.

12—Ten.

13—Originally it was bone fire, a fire for burning bones, hence for burning corpses, heretics, etc.

14—A hater of tobacco smoke.

15—A fashionable equestrian thoroughfare in Hyde Park, London.

16—Maine.

17—Seventy.

18—A roof with a double pitch.

19—Probably from Arabia or Persia.

20—A Hawaiian bird.

•

THE ANSWER TO THE DENTAL CREAM QUESTION:

(*See page 27*)

GRIT, *used as a polishing agent in some dentifrices, not only scratches and wears away the tooth enamel but irritates the gums and causes them to recede.*

Squibb Dental Cream is absolutely safe, even for a baby's teeth. It contains no grit or other harsh abrasive — no astringent — nothing that can injure the teeth or the delicate edges of the gums. At the same time Squibb's is thoroughly effective. It cleans and polishes, penetrates the crevices between the teeth and along the gum margins, and helps to combat the forces of tooth-decay.

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NOW—
a new size at 25¢
to meet a growing demand
—in addition to the over-size tube
at 40¢

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

$5,000

IN CASH PRIZES *for* SNAPSHOTS

51 Prizes This Week for Home-Life Snaps by Amateurs Only

IF you can snap a shutter you can win a big cash prize. Get out your camera and get into the money. Every prize listed in the schedule must be paid. Enter and claim your share. No matter where or how you live, somewhere about the premises you should be able to select a camera subject worth entering.

It's not necessary for you to be a skilled photographer or to have expensive equipment. The spirit your lens captures and records is what counts. It's the heart appeal, the human interest of your snapshot that the judges will consider.

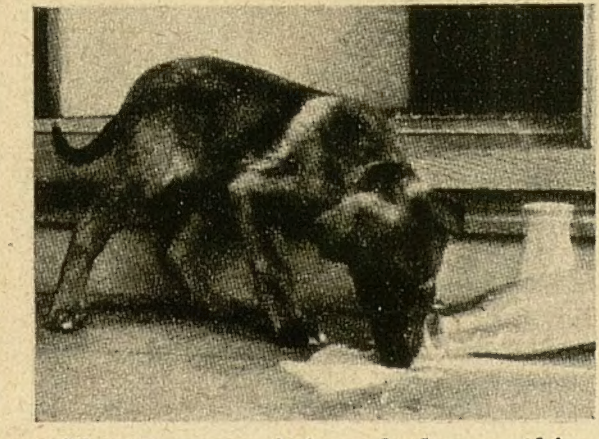
This week you can win $100 or any one of the fifty other worthwhile sums. In addition you may win one of the grand awards at the close of the contest series. Besides which, in looking for a snapshot subject you may well capture a scene or an episode in your home life which will be priceless to you.

Adjectives are superfluous under a snapshot like this.

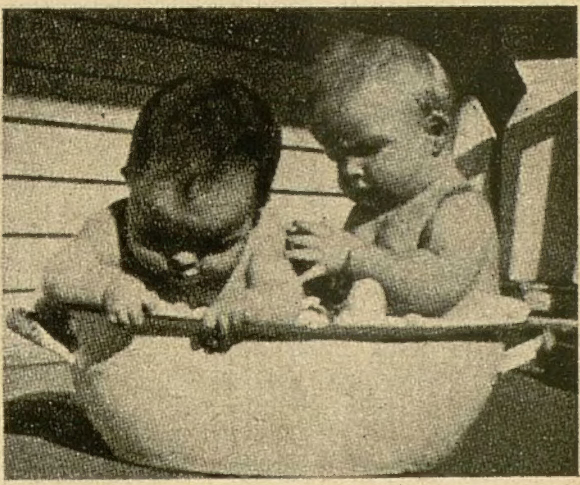
The pictures on this page were among the many that won cash prizes in the Liberty contest last season. Do not try to copy them but use them as the starting point for your inspiration. Borrow a camera if your own is misplaced and shoot for a prize this week. Submit as many entries as you wish.

Make sure that your snapshots are correctly marked with your name and address and also that your entry is plainly addressed.

This week's contest closes Monday, December 5. Awards will be announced in the earliest possible issue.



No tears are being shed over this spilled milk!



Here's a tubful of very human interest.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE EACH WEEK

FIRST PRIZE	$100
TEN SECOND PRIZES, each $10	100
FORTY THIRD PRIZES, each $5	200
WEEKLY TOTAL	$400
TOTAL PRIZES FOR TEN WEEKS	$4,000
GRAND PRIZES	
FIVE PRIZES, each $200	$1,000
TOTAL CASH PRIZES TO BE PAID	$5,000

HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST RULES

Ten Weekly Contests

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home-life snapshots submitted by nonprofessional photographers.

2. Anyone, anywhere, may enter except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3. There is no restriction regarding size of prints. Enlargements are eligible, but in case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 9, 1932, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will upon request submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made. Such negatives will be returned if desired.

5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Write plainly or print name and full address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications for reproduction wherever desired.

6. The first weekly contest closed Monday, November 21, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday including January 23, 1933, which ends the contest series.

7. Quality of photography does not count except that any snapshot in order to be awarded a prize must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the cash prize schedule elsewhere on this page.

8. Address all entries to HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$1,000 GRAND PRIZE RULES

1. Regardless of whether or not it has won a weekly prize, every entry in the contest series will be eligible for one of the five $200 Grand Prizes to be awarded when the contest series closes.

2. These Grand Prizes will be awarded for the following divisions: Group A, the best baby snapshot. Group B, the best pet snapshot. Group C, the best indoor snapshot. Group D, the best outdoor snapshot. Group E, the snapshot that most nearly tells a complete story.

3. The conditions set forth in Rules 3, 4, 5, and 7 above apply to this Grand Prize offer.

Advertisement

Over 1000
Additional Awards Weekly
To Entrants In The
LIBERTY HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

The Master Photo Finishers of America, giving Master Photo Finishing service through the most important Photo Dealers in most towns and cities of the United States and Canada, will award thousands of extra Blue Ribbon Prize Photo Enlargements each week to entrants in the LIBERTY Home Life Snapshot Contest.

All that is necessary to qualify for one of our many weekly prize enlargements is to obtain an entry blank from any local photo dealer whose PhotoFinishing is serviced by a Master Photo Finisher, and leave your entries with this Dealer accompanied with one of these Entry Blanks.

All local entries made in this manner will be judged weekly with numerous Blue Ribbon Enlargements awarded the best of local entries, after which all entries will be forwarded immediately to LIBERTY for entry and consideration in connection with the $5,000.00 weekly and grand prizes in the Liberty Home Life Snapshot Contest.

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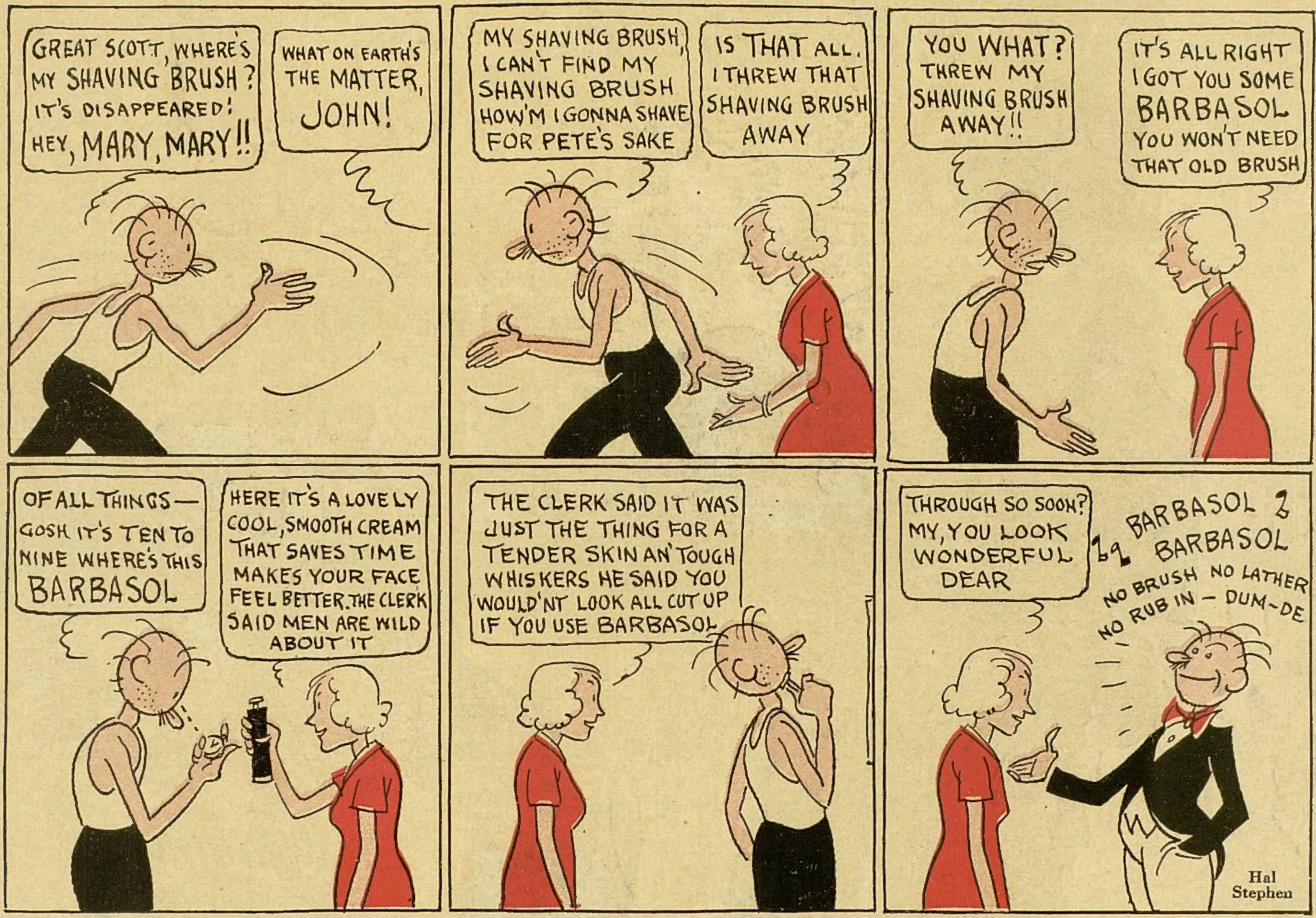
The Master Photo Finishers of America *Giving Master Photo Service To the Better Photo Dealers of the United States and Canada*

Barbasol

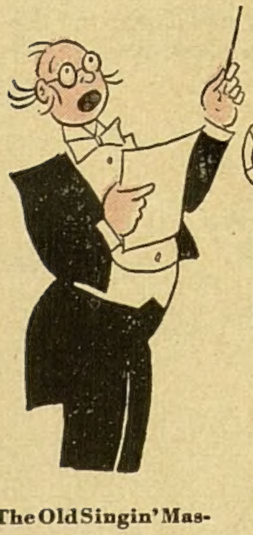
MARY MAKES A HIT—DOUBLING FOR SANTA CLAUS


GREAT SCOTT, WHERE'S MY SHAVING BRUSH? IT'S DISAPPEARED! HEY, MARY, MARY!!
WHAT ON EARTH'S THE MATTER, JOHN!
MY SHAVING BRUSH, I CAN'T FIND MY SHAVING BRUSH HOW'M I GONNA SHAVE FOR PETE'S SAKE
IS THAT ALL. I THREW THAT SHAVING BRUSH AWAY
YOU WHAT? THREW MY SHAVING BRUSH AWAY!!
IT'S ALL RIGHT I GOT YOU SOME BARBASOL YOU WON'T NEED THAT OLD BRUSH
OF ALL THINGS— GOSH IT'S TEN TO NINE WHERE'S THIS BARBASOL
HERE IT'S A LOVELY COOL, SMOOTH CREAM THAT SAVES TIME MAKES YOUR FACE FEEL BETTER. THE CLERK SAID MEN ARE WILD ABOUT IT
THE CLERK SAID IT WAS JUST THE THING FOR A TENDER SKIN AN' TOUGH WHISKERS HE SAID YOU WOULD'NT LOOK ALL CUT UP IF YOU USE BARBASOL
THROUGH SO SOON? MY, YOU LOOK WONDERFUL DEAR
BARBASOL BARBASOL NO BRUSH NO LATHER NO RUB IN – DUM-DE
Hal Stephen

SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER! Use Barbasol, the modern shaving cream, for a quick, cool, comfortable shave that leaves your face soft and smooth. Barbasol holds the whiskers erect, so the razor can slice 'em off quick and clean. It leaves the natural oil in the skin, protects the face from winter dryness and windchap, keeps it fit. Do away with the old fuss and muss, the harsh, biting alkalis that irritate a tender skin. Get a tube of Barbasol today and use it this way: **1.** Wash your face and leave it wet. **2.** Smooth on Barbasol (no vigorous rubbing needed). **3.** Wet your razor and SHAVE! That's all. Saves your time, saves your face! Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, or large jar 75¢.

Barbasol recommends TEFRA TOOTHPASTE

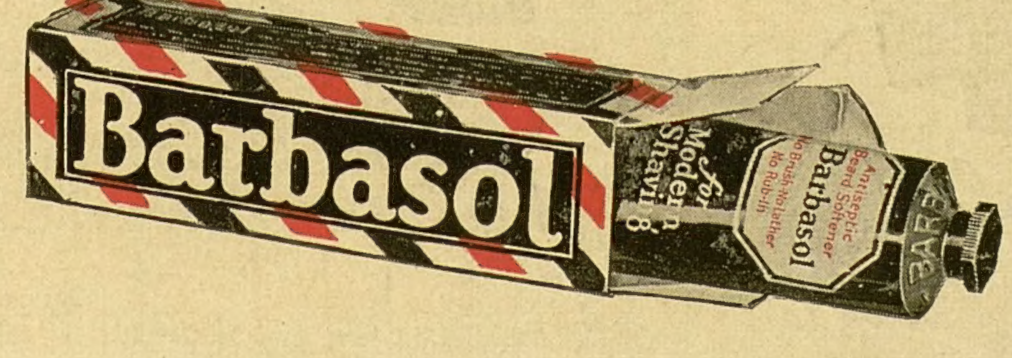
In every 30¢ tube there is a free Tefra toothbrush refill, to fit a lifetime Tefra refillable toothbrush handle. For full information, tune in Barbasol radio programs listed.



The Old Singin' Master and his singers—mellow old hymns and ballads the way you like them. Tune in every Sunday night at 10:15, Eastern Standard Time, on the N. B. C. (WJZ) Blue Network, coast to coast.

Ray Perkins, Barbasoloist with Peter Van Steeden's Barbasolians, WEAF—N.B.C. Red Network, Tuesdays and Thursdays, 7:30 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

Singin' Sam the Barbasol man, in songs you can't forget. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 8:15, Eastern Standard Time, over an extensive Columbia (WABC) Broadcasting hook-up.

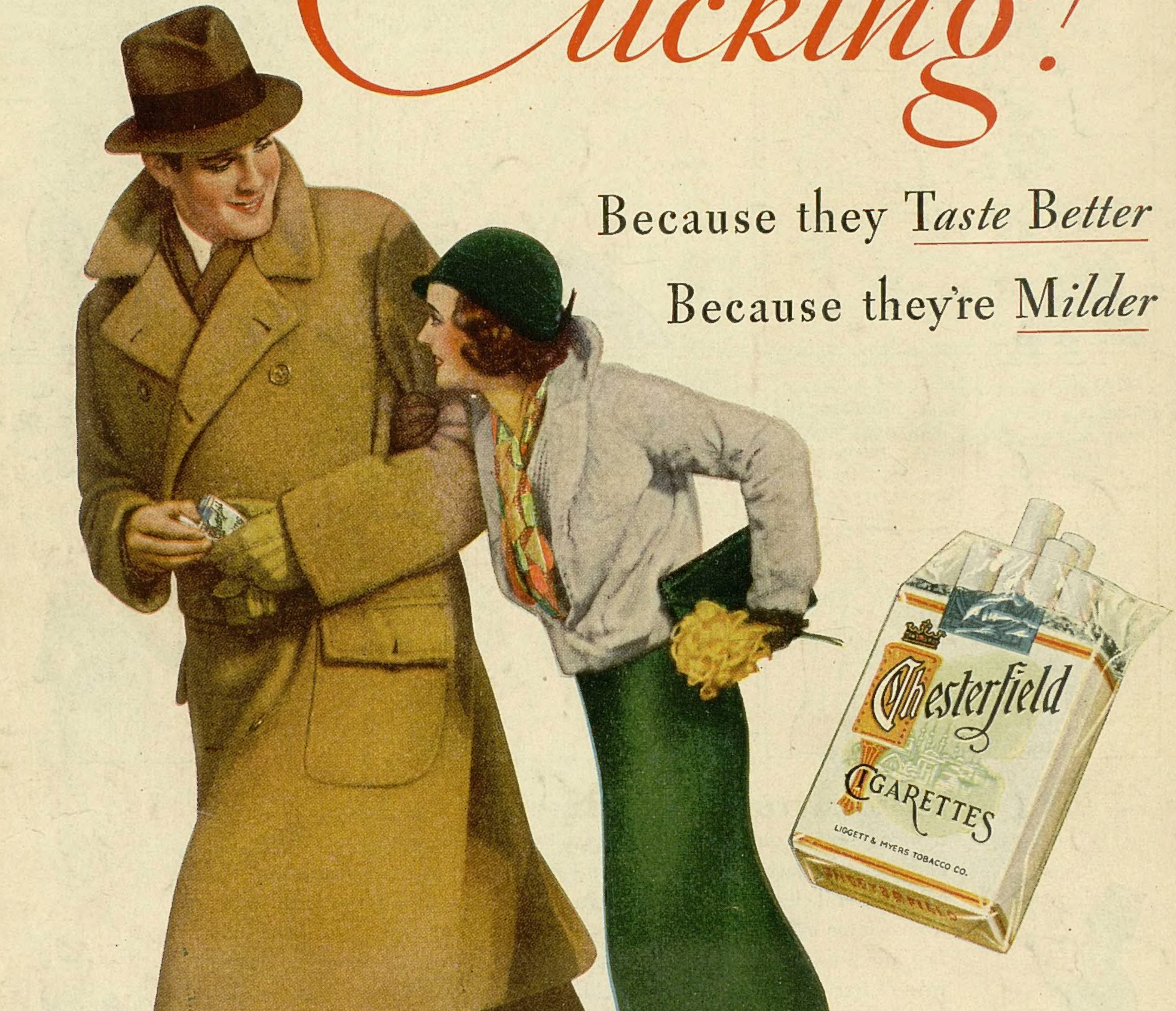

Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
Antiseptic Beard Softener
Barbasol
No Brush-No Lather
No Rub-In

Consult radio page of your local newspaper for stations

Clicking!

Because they *Taste Better*

Because they're *Milder*


Chesterfield
Cigarettes
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Chesterfields are Clicking with Millions — They Satisfy

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